

THE  
BUSY BEE;  
OR,  
VOCAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.









*Captain Morris.*

THE  
BUSY BEE,  
OR,  
VOCAL REPOSITORY.

Being a SELECTION of the most

*FAVOURITE SONGS, &c.*

CONTAINED IN THE  
ENGLISH OPERAS,

That have been Sung at the

PUBLIC GARDENS,

And written for

SELECT SOCIETIES;

Together with an extensive

COLLECTION of HUNTING SONGS,

And a variety of

SCOTCH and IRISH BALLADS, &c.

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VOLUME THE SECOND.

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THE  
BUSY BEE  
OF  
VOCAL REPOSITORY.



SELECTED  
COMPOSITIONS OF  
BOSTON

PRINTED BY  
NOTICE

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FOR THE

## SECOND VOLUME.

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THE  
BUSY BEE.

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VAUXHALL SONGS.

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I.

*Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith. Written by M. P. Andrews.*

SONS of ocean, fam'd in story,  
Wont to wear the laurel'd brow ;  
Listen to your rising glory,  
Growing honours wait you now ;  
Think not servile adulation  
Meanly marks my grateful song,  
All the praises of the nation  
Giv'n to you, to you belong :  
And rival kingdoms send from far  
Their plaudits to the British Tar.

'Tis not now your valiant daring,---  
 Courage you've for ages shewn;  
 'Tis not now your mild forbearing,---  
 Pity ever was your own;  
 'Tis your Prince, so lov'd, so pleasing,  
 Spreads your fame thro' distant lands,  
 And the Trident nobly seizing  
 Grasps it in his youthful hands;  
 Proud to boast in peace or war,  
 The virtues of the British Tar.

When the times were big with danger,  
 See your Royal shipmate go,  
 And to every fear a stranger,  
 Brave the fury of the foe;  
 Now when smiling peace rejoices,  
 Greet him with a sailor's arts,  
 Cheer his presence with your voices,  
 Pay his service with your hearts,  
 And be henceforth your leading star,  
 The gallant, Royal British Tar!

---

 II.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

THE topsails shiver in the wind,  
 The ship she drifts to sea;  
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,  
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:  
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,  
 Still love shall be his guiding star.

Shou'd

Shou'd landmen flatter when we're fail'd ;

O, doubt their artful tales :

No gallant sailor ever fail'd,

If Love breath'd constant gales.

Thou art the compass of my soul,

Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

These are the cares, but if you're kind,

We'll scorn the dashing main,

The rocks, the billows, and the wind,

'Till we return again.

Now England's glory rests with you,

Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu.

### III.

*Sung by Mrs. KENNEDY.*

IN summer when the leaves were green, and blossoms deck'd each tree,

Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artless love to me.

On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and there he told his tale,

Oh, Patty, softest of thy sex ! O let fond love prevail !

Ah ! well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,

Yet heed me not---then let me die, and end my grief and care ;

B 2

Ah !



Ah! no, dear youth, I softly said, such love demands my thanks,

And here I vow eternal truth, on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth, on Shannon's flow'ry banks,

And there we gather'd sweetest flowers, and play'd such artless pranks !

But, woe is me ! the press gang came, and forc'd my Ned away,

Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be our wedding day ;

My love, he cry'd, they force me hence, but still my heart is thine ;

All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while war and toil is mine ;

With riches I'll re turn to thee ; I sobb'd out words of thanks,

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks,

And then I saw him sail away and join the hostile ranks :

From morn to eve for twelve dull months, his absence sad I mourn'd.

The peace was made, the ship came back, but Teddy ne'er return'd ;

His

His beauteous face, his manly form has won a  
 nobler fair,  
 My Teddy's false, and I forlorn, must die in sad  
 despair ;  
 Ye gentle maidens see me laid, while you stand  
 round in ranks,  
 And plant a willow o'er my head on Shannon's  
 flow'ry banks.

---

## IV.

*Sung by* MR. ARROWSMITH.

WHEN by the gently gliding stream,  
 On banks where budding violets spring,  
 I see my Delia's beauties beam,  
 I hear my lovely Delia sing ;  
 When lips combine,  
 When arms entwine,  
 When fond caresses, amorous kisses,  
 Yield the height of human blisses,  
 In ecstasy I sigh and say,  
 Thus let me love my life away.

Whene'er the jocund bowl we pass,  
 And merry song and tale go round ;  
 When wine is sparkling in the glass,  
 And joke and sprightly wit abound,  
 With catch and glee,  
 Good humour free ;

While thus we find our joys increasing,  
 Laughter roars with mirth unceasing,  
 In extacy I pant and say,  
 Thus let me laugh my life away.

O lovely woman ! gen'rous wine !  
 These potent pleasures let me quaff ;  
 Thy raptures wit, O make thee mine ;  
 O let me love, and drink and laugh !  
 Each rising thought,  
 With music fraught,  
 Where all is pleasure, nothing wanting,  
 All harmonious, all enchanting,  
 In extacy I pant and say,  
 Thus let me sing my life away.

---

V.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to  
 arms,  
 Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms ;  
 Tho' honour commanded, yet love fill'd my mind,  
 Ah ! how could I leave the dear charmer behind ?  
 Yet the rage of the battle with courage I try'd,  
 Surviv'd, while the heroes fell fast on each side ;  
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,  
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to  
 arms.

Now

Now olive-rob'd Peace kind advances again,  
 And her blessings dispenses wide over the plain;  
 Return'd to Eliza, we join in the throng,  
 Where is heard the soft pipe, or the heart-lifting  
 song :

Each rural amusement with rapture we try,  
 While the beams of contentment are found in each  
 eye ;

Love stood my protector in all the alarms,  
 While the silver-ton'd trumpets still sounded to  
 arms.

What moral like me so transcendently blest,  
 When clasp'd by the charmer with joy to her  
 breast ;

The laurel of conquest I give to the wind,  
 'Tis nought without love and honour combin'd :  
 But when thus united, how noble the name !  
 What envy must wait on so happy a fame !  
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,  
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to  
 arms.

---

## VI.

*Sung by Miss POOLE. Written by Mr. ROBSON.*

I ONCE had a lover, that tried ev'ry art,  
 To make me believe he was honest at heart ;  
 He called me a goddess, Diana, and dear----  
 To my chamber I flew,---he followed me there ;  
 In vain the pursuit, tho' he vow'd to prove true,  
 My only protection was---dear *Le Verrou*.

In



In solitude oft flow'd the heart grieving tear,  
 In vain were his sighs, for I scorn'd to give ear;  
 His sentiments feign'd,---all deception and plot,  
 He'd love me for ever,---but marry me not.  
 So I bade him get hence, no longer pursue:---  
 The chamber-door shut,---he sigh'd, oh! *Le Verrou.*

Thus, men are all false, tho' by beauty inspir'd,  
 The passion of virtue is seldom admir'd;  
 Th' old, ugly, decrepid, men call them all fair;  
 And will not dare wed, tho' to trifle will dare:  
 So to dear little Love! now I bid adieu,  
 'Till Hymen himself shall remove---*Le Verrou.*

## VII.

*Sung by Miss NEWMAN.*

AS thro' the grove, the other day  
 I gang'd so blyth and bonny;  
 Who shou'd I meet upon the way,  
 But my true lover Johnny!  
 With eager haste,  
 He clasp'd my waist,  
 And kisses gave me plenty;  
 Tho' I denied,  
 And thus replied,  
 "Dear lad, I am not twenty."

What's

What's that to me, the shepherd cried,  
 You're old enough to marry :  
 Then, come dear lass, and be my bride,  
 No longer let us tarry,  
 But let's be gone,  
 O'er yonder lawn,  
 Where lads and lasses plenty,  
 Are fill'd with joy,  
 And kifs and toy,  
 Altho' they are not twenty.

I listen'd to his soothing tale,  
 And gang'd wi him so rarely ;  
 With song and pipe he did prevail,  
 He won my wishes fairly :  
 O he's the lad,  
 That makes me glad,  
 With kisses sweet and plenty ;  
 So I declare,  
 By all that's fair,  
 I'll wed tho' not quite twenty.

---

### VIII.

*Sung by Mr. MAHON.*

'T WAS at the break of day we spy'd  
 The signal to unmoor,  
 Which sleepless Caroline descry'd,  
 Sweet maid ! from Gosport's shore ;

The

The fresh'ning gale at length arose,  
Her heart began to swell,  
Nor could cold fear the thought oppose,  
Of bidding me farewell.

In open boat the maid of worth,  
Soon reach'd our vessel's side,  
Soon too she found her William's birth,  
But sought me not to chide :

“ Go,” she exclaim'd, “ for Fame's a cause  
“ A female shou'd approve,  
“ For who that's true to Honour's laws  
“ Is ever false to love !

“ My heart is loyal, scorn's to fear,  
“ Nor will it even fail,

“ Tho' war's unequal wild career,  
“ Should William's life assail ;

“ Tho' Death 'gainst thee exert his sway,  
“ Oh, trust me, but the dart

“ That woundeth thee, will find it's way  
“ To Caroline's true heart.

“ Should conquest in fair form array'd,  
“ Thy loyal efforts crown,

“ In Gosport will be found a maid,  
“ That lives for thee alone ;”

May girls with hearts so firm and true,  
To love and glory's cause,  
Meet the reward they have in view,  
The meed of free applause.

## IX.

*Sung by Mrs. ILIFF.*

WHEN rural lads and lasses gay,  
 Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,  
 When round the Maypole on the green,  
 The rustic dancers all are seen;  
 'Twas there young Jockey met my view,  
 His like before I never knew,  
 He pip'd so sweet, and danc'd so gay,  
 Alas! he danc'd my heart away.

At eve, when cakes and ale went round,  
 He placed him next me on the ground;  
 With harmless mirth and pleasing jest,  
 He shone more bright than all the rest:  
 He talk'd of love, and press'd my hand,  
 Ah! who could such a youth withstand?  
 Well pleas'd I heard what he could say,  
 His charms have stole my heart away.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,  
 While rapture sparkles in his eye;  
 So winning was his grace and air,  
 He might the coldest heart ensnare;  
 But when he ask'd me for his bride,  
 I promis'd soon, and soon comply'd.  
 What nymph on earth could say him nay?  
 Alas! he stole my heart away.



X.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.*

THE dauntless Sailor leaves his home,  
Each softer joy and ease;  
To distant climes he loves to roam,  
Nor dreads the boist'rous seas.  
His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,  
Scorns from the foe to run;  
In battle terrors melt away,  
As snow before the sun.

Though all the nations of the world,  
Britannia's flag would lower,  
Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,  
And dare their haughty pow'r.  
But see Bellona sheathes her sword,  
Hush'd is the angry main;  
The cannon's roar no more is heard,  
Sweet peace resumes her reign.

He hastes unto his native shore,  
Where dwell sweet joy and rest;  
His lovely Susan smiles implore,  
To crown and make him blest:  
Now all the toils and dangers past,  
And Susan's love remains.  
The honest Tar is blest at last,  
Her smiles reward his pains.

## XI.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.*

GIVE me wine, rosy wine, that foe to despair,  
 Whose magical power can banish all care,  
 Of friendship the parent, composer of strife,  
 The soother of sorrow, and blessings of life :  
 The schools about happiness warmly dispute,  
 And weary the sense of the phantom pursuit :  
 In spite of their maxims, I dare to define  
 The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

To the coward a warmth it ne'er fails to impart,  
 And opens the lock of the miserly heart.  
 While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul,  
 O'er life's rugged highway agreeably roll,  
 Each thinks of his charmer, who never can cloy,  
 And fancy rides post to the regions of joy.  
 In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define  
 The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

'Tis the balsam specific that heals every sore,  
 The oftener we taste it we love it the more ;  
 Then he who true happiness seeks to attain  
 With spirit, the full-flowing bumper must drain ;  
 And he who the court of fair Venus wou'd know,  
 Undaunted, thro' Bacchus's Vineyard must go.  
 In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define  
 The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine

## XII.

*Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith---The Words by Mr.  
Harrison.*

NO longer let brainless stupidity join  
The brisk goddesses of Love, to the dull god of  
Wine !

For tho' the rude fellow  
Oft toasts her, when mellow,  
Still Venus, averse to the profitless league,  
Vows---Bacchus was never yet fit for intrigue.

A beast, who's unable to stand or to move,  
Must needs be a delicate object for love !

He may boast, it is true,  
Of the feats he can do,  
But Venus, averse to the profitless league,  
Vows---Bacchus was never yet fit for intrigue !

While fots all their hours in drinking employ,  
And but talk of that bliss which the sober enjoy,

Their poor forlorn wives,  
Lead, for them, wretched lives ;  
Since Venus, averse to the profitless league,  
Vows---Bacchus was never yet fit for intrigue !

Our fathers took care---tho' their maxims we  
scorn---

And, whenever they drank, ne'er lost sight of the  
horn :

For

For they very well knew,  
 Dames would not lose their due;  
 And Venus---averse to the profitless league,  
 Vows---Bacchus was never yet fit for intrigue!

---

## XIII.

*Sung [by Mrs. KENNEDY.*

**H**ERE on my perch, like a bird on its  
 spray,

I stand for to warble my roundelay;  
 Phœbus has swept from his altitude high,  
 To kiss the sweet nymph in the ocean!  
 I'd sing of the bright golden streets in the skies  
 And the trees  
 By the breeze  
 Set in motion.

But since the sun has fled away,  
 We light on artificial day:  
 And since the birds forsake the spray,  
 I'll warble out my roundelay?

Is that the Blackbird?---No!  
 The Goldfinch?---No!  
 Or if the nightingale, I may go!  
 Hark!---The Lark!---No!  
 Hush!---The Thrush!---No!  
 No! No! No!

'Tis the fiddles and sweet flutes that ape them so!

**C a**

I think



I think I hear two turtles cooing---  
 'Tis only Damon his Phillida wooing !  
 Sweet the language of the grove,  
 Kind the season made for love !  
 Within each heart let care resign ;  
 Here pleasure claims the hours,  
 And joy, and laugh, and song combine,  
 To bless her favourite bow'rs !  
 Thus still be life a Summer's day,  
 And evening bring a roundelay !

---

## XIV.

*Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN---Written by Mrs.*  
 HAWKINS.

**W**HEN I was of a tender age  
 And in my youthful prime,  
 My mother oft wou'd in a rage,  
 Cry, girl take care in time ;  
 For you are now so forward grown,  
 The men will you pursue,  
 And all the day this was her tone,  
 Mind, Hussy, what you do !  
 Regardless of her fond advice,  
 I hasten'd o'er the plain,  
 Where I was courted in a trice  
 By each young sylvan swain ;

Yet

Yet by the bye, I must declare,

I virtue had in view,

Altho' my mother cry'd beware,

Mind, Hussy, what you do!

To Damon, gayest of the green,

I gave my youthful hand,

His blooming face, and comely mien

I could not well withstand;

But strait to church we tript away,

With hearts both firm and true,

Ah! then my mother ceas'd to say---

Mind, Hussy, what you do!

Ye lasses all attend to me,

And hence this lesson learn,

When to your mind a man you see,

Ne'er look morose or stern;

But take him with a free good will.

Should he have love for you;

Altho' your mother's crying still,

Mind, Hussy, what you do!

# XV.

*Sung by Mrs. KENNEDY.*

WHEN dewy morn on moon beams bright,

Invites our nymphs to sport and play,

To me their songs give no delight,

Loves tunes my sad, and mournful lay.

And all the day long,

I sung this sad song,

Return to my arms my dear swain;  
 O love bring him here,  
 To banish my care,  
 Or---give me my heart back again.

He promis'd he soon wou'd return,  
 While tender sighs bespoke his truth;  
 Yet still my Jemmy do I mourn,  
 I still lament the absent youth.  
 And all the day long, &c.

Thus Jenny sung among the broom,  
 Where list'ning stood her constant swain,  
 The lad came forth, she kenn'd him soon,  
 And carroll'd sweet her alter'd strain.  
 Now all the day long  
 Love and joy claims my song;  
 For Jemmy once more cheers our plain,  
 And love brought him here  
 To banish my care,  
 Not to---give my heart back again.

---

## XVI.

*Sung by Arrowsmith---Written by Mr. Hawkins.*

LET poet's praise the flow'ry mead,  
 The moss clad hill, the dale:  
 The shepherd piping on his reed,  
 The maid with milking pail;  
 The lark who soars on pinions high,  
 Or sweetly purling rill:  
 While I breathe forth a tender sigh,  
 For Molly of the Mill.

In

In vain, to sing her charms I try,  
And all her beauties trace;  
Such brilliancy informs her eye;  
Such excellence her face,  
Her easy shape, engaging air,  
My breast with transports fill;  
No nymph so pleasing, or so fair,  
As Molly of the Mill.

'Tis not her person's charms alone,  
The beauties of her mind;  
Wit, sense, and sentiment we own,  
In her are all combin'd;  
Such is the nymph who sways my heart,  
And makes my bosom thrill;  
Adorn'd by nature more than art,  
Sweet Molly of the Mill.

---

XVII.,

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy---Written by Mr. Carey.*

SAY, have you in the village seen  
A lovely youth, of pensive mien;  
If such a one hath passed by,  
With melancholy in his eye,  
Where is he gone? ah, tell me where!  
'Tis Allen Brooke of Wyndemere.



Last night, he fighting took his leave.  
Which made me all the night to grieve,  
And many maids I know there be,  
Who try to wean his love from me.  
But heav'n knows my heart's sincere,  
To Allen Brook of Wyndemere.

My throbbing breast is full of woe,  
To think that he should serve me so;  
But if my love shou'd anger'd be,  
And try to hide himself from me.  
Then death shall bear me on a bier,  
To Allen Brooke of Wyndemere.

---

XVIII.

*Sung by Arrowsmith. Written by Capt. Thompson.*

**L**AUGHING Cupids bring me roses,  
And my wreath ye Graces twine,  
I'm this night dispos'd for rapture,  
Having Beauty, Wit and Wine.

Let the sober Stoics wonder,  
And their apathy define,  
I'll not follow such dull doctrine,  
While I've Beauty, Wit and Wine.

Come ye brisk Arabian lasses,  
For that heav'n you seek is mine;  
Upon beds of roses lolling,  
Bless'd with Beauty, Wit and Wine.

And

And when this gay life is over,  
 Pour libations on my shrine ;  
 I've a paradise hereafter,  
 Full of Beauty, Wit and Wine.

---

XIX.

*Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith. Written by Mr. Pinchin.*

BEHOLD your little honest Ben,  
 My pretty Poll, return'd again,  
 With heart as needle true ;  
 When distant many leagues, my dear,  
 My constant heart did never veer,  
 'Twas fix'd, my love, on you.

When shoals, and threat'ning rocks I've seen,  
 Or when I've in a battle been,  
 Fear could not me subdue ;  
 Hope buoy'd me up, and smiling said,  
 I still should live (sweet blue-ey'd maid)  
 To steer life's course with you.

To check the pride of France and Spain,  
 I left my Poll, and plough'd the main,  
 With heart devoid of fear ;  
 Sweet peace return'd, I'll sail no more,  
 But boast my scars on Albion's shore,  
 Safe anchor'd with my dear.

XX.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEBON.*

**T**HE gallant Soldier born to arms,  
All willing from his home he goes,  
For honour leaves all other charms,  
To meet in field surrounding foes ;  
In hopes when war no more shall reign,  
To hail his native land again.

Where'er he goes, the deadly fight,  
Midst din of arms and cannon roar ;  
His martial ardour gives delight,  
'Till enemies for peace implore.

*The gallant Soldier, &c.*

With pride he views his hard campaigns,  
When toils and danger are no more ;  
Of scars and wounds he ne'er complains,  
When 'gain he meets his native shore.

*The gallant Soldier, &c.*

---

XXI.

**M**A Chere Amie, my charming fair,  
Whose smiles can vanish ev'ry care :  
In kind compassion smile on me,  
Whose only care is love of thee.

*Ma chere amie.*

*Under*

Under sweet friendship's sacred name  
 My bosom caught the tender flame ;  
 May friendship in thy bosom be  
 Converted into love for me.

Ma chere amie.

Together rear'd, together grown,  
 Oh ! let us now unite in one ;  
 Let pity soften thy decree ;  
 I droop dear maid ! I die for thee !

Ma chere amie.

## XXII.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

**W**HEN freedom was banish'd from Greece and  
 from Rome,  
 And wander'd, neglected, in search of a home ;  
 Jove, willing to fix her where long she might stand ;  
 Turn'd the globe round about to examine the land ;  
 With nice circumspection he view'd the whole ball,  
 And weigh'd in the balance the merits of all,  
 Then quickly determined that England alone  
 Was the spot well adapted for liberty's throne.

Gay Momus insisted no place was more fit,  
 Than the island of freedom for true attic wit ;  
 And Venus confess'd, if 'twere pleasing to Jove.  
 She could wish to make England the empire of  
 love ;

Then



Then Mars boldly stepp'd from his mistress's side,  
 And swore that the Britons in arms shou'd preside ;  
 While Bacchus declar'd, that each heart cheering  
     juice,  
 For the use of brave Englishmen he wou'd produce.

To render compleat all the blessings now past,  
 And provide that they might to eternity last,  
 'Twas resolv'd that a toast shou'd that instant be  
     giv'n,  
 And drank in full bumpers of nectar through  
     Heav'n ;  
 This toast of the Gods was---and mark it ye free !  
 " May Britons with Britons for ever agree ;  
 " By their enemies, then, they shall always be  
     " fear'd !  
 " And with wine, wit, and women, incessantly  
     " cheer'd."

---

 XXIII.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

THEN here's to thee, Tom, and now here's to  
     thee, Will ;  
 Since we're met, let us sing, and let's merrily  
     quaff ;  
 The bottle and bowl shan't a moment stand still,  
 Who knows when again we thus gaily may laugh ?  
 This day is our own, be the day without sorrow,  
 For life, my brave boys may be over to-morrow.

Whate'er

Whate'er you intend, or to do, or to say,  
 Make sure of the present, and all will go right;  
 For he who has liv'd as he ought the whole day,  
 May sleep with content on his pillow at night.  
 Make sure of to-day, that the next may'nt be sorrow,  
 For life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Ye lovers who're young, and more so, who're old,  
 Neglect not a moment to make the fair kind,  
 For love has got wings, and your girl may be cold,  
 If to-day you can't get 'em to be of your mind.  
 If you lose but an hour, it may be to your sorrow,  
 Love and life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Then trust not to-morrow, to-morrow's not here,  
 To-day is the season for business or play,  
 Who have not lost their time, can have nothing to  
 fear;

Who thinks of to-morrow is losing to-day.  
 Now, now, is our own, not of time let us borrow,  
 Let us live as if life shou'd be over to-morrow.

## XXIV.

*Sung by Mr. Incledon. Written by Capt. Thompson.*

FAREWEL to England, thy white cliffs adieu!  
 Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you?  
 Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole;  
 No distance can change the true love of my soul.

As well might my messmates determine to bale  
All the waters which fill up old Neptune's great  
pail,

As divert my firm mind from its fond thoughts on  
you,

Farewel to Old England, dear Mary adieu.

Dear Mary adieu ! can that love go to wreck,  
When ev'ry plank bears your name on the deck ?  
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,  
Where guileless my ship-mates at chequers have  
play'd :

Their sports are no pastime to sorrow and me,  
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee ;  
More happy by far when I'm thinking of you,  
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu !

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar,  
'Tis his compass, his helm, his guide, and his  
star;

'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails,  
It shorten's long nights, and it quicken's light  
gales,

The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,  
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day ;  
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,  
And changes adieu ! into welcome return.

---

XXV.

*Sung by Miss BERTLES.*

**B**LOW on ye winds, descend soft rain,  
To soothe my tender grief;  
Your solemn music lulls my pain,  
And yields a short relief.  
O my heart, my heavy, heavy heart;  
Swells as 'twou'd burst in twain;  
No tongue can e'er describe the smart,  
Nor I conceal its pain.  
The sun, which makes all nature gay,  
Torments my weary eyes,  
And in dark shade I pass the day,  
Where echo sleeping lies.

O my heart, &c.

The strongest passions of the mind,  
The greatest bliss we know,  
Arises from successful love,  
If not the greatest woe.

O my heart, &c.

---

XXVI.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.*

**I**N storms, when clouds obscure the sky,  
And thunders roll, and light'nings fly---  
In midst of all these dire alarms,  
I think, my Sally on thy charms.



The troubled main,  
 The wind and rain,  
 My ardent passion prove;  
 Lash'd to the helm,  
 Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,  
 I'd think on thee, my Love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,  
 And art is vain the ship to guide:  
 In varied shapes, when death appears,  
 The thought of thee my bosom cheers.  
 The troubled main, &c.

But shou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind---  
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,  
 And waft me to thy arms once more,  
 Safe to my long-lost native shore.  
 No more the main,  
 I'd tempt again,  
 But tender joys improve;  
 I then with thee  
 Shou'd happy be,  
 And think on nought but Love.

---

 XXVII.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.*

NO more from fair to fair I'll rove,  
 A convert now to love I prove,  
 And boast my constancy.  
 I pensive sigh beneath a shade,  
 While thus resounds the echoing glade---  
 Adieu *Ma Liberte*.

No

No more with pipe or jocund song,  
I now attract the list'ning throng,  
    With merry wanton glee :  
Alone I sigh for Chloe's charms,  
And musing cry, with folded arms---  
    Adieu *Ma Liberte*.

Yet wou'd the smiling fair approve  
My fond desires, my constant love,  
    How happy shou'd I be ;  
With jocund song, each grove shou'd ring,  
With joyful heart wou'd Strephon sing---  
    Adieu *Ma Liberte*.

---

XXVIII.

*Sung by Miss POOL. Written by Mr. ROBSON.*

MY mother says, I'm not sixteen,  
Must dress---In the *Beau Monde* be seen ;  
Reply to all the vows of men,  
                                    No, no, no.

In sweetest bud there canker lies,  
And in the rose sharp thorns arise ;  
All this she says to make me wise,  
                                    And say, No.

When Henry t'other morning came,  
Profess'd an honest tender flame,  
And ask'd me if the day I'd name,  
                                    I said, No.

I told him, mother I'd obey,  
And must of course reply with nay;  
He sigh'd, then shall I far away!

I said, No.

My speaking tears betray'd my love,  
He said, shall Hymen doubt remove,  
To church you'll not deny to rove?

I sigh'd, No.

My mother now, I have obey'd,  
Attended well to what she said,  
And will to all, but him I wed

Still say, No.

---

XXIX.

*Sung by Miss POOL. Written by Mr. UPTON.*

YOUNG Colin met me yester eve  
Where pinks and violets blow,  
And told me what you'll scarce believe,  
I'm sure you'll laugh to know;  
He said he'd heard some other swain  
Wou'd wed me---was it true!  
Why yes, says I, in answer plain.  
But that is nought to you.

I thought the shepherd wou'd go mad,  
He rav'd and look'd so wild;  
In truth I really lov'd the lad,  
And all the while beguil'd;

And

And when he press'd me to his breast,  
 And shew'd the Church in view,  
 My silly tongue in vain express'd  
 Why that is nought to you.

The artful Colin guess'd the cause,  
 And led me to the fane,  
 That tied us by its nuptial laws,  
 Ne'er to untie again.  
 And oh ! my cheeks were blushes red  
 As night the later grew,  
 Till Hymen, whisp'ring, kindly said,  
 Why that is nought to you.

## XXX.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,  
 And chilling mists hang o'er the dark'n'd main;  
 Then sailors think of their far distant home,  
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again !  
 But when the fight's begun,  
 Each serving at his gun,  
 Shou'd any thought of them come o'er our mind,  
 We think but shou'd the day be won,  
 How 'twill cheer,  
 Their hearts to hear,  
 That their old companion he was one.



Or my lad, if you a mistress kind,  
 Have left on shore some pretty girl and true,  
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,  
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you !  
 O when the fight's begun,  
 Each serving at his gun,  
 Shou'd any thought of her come o'er your mind,  
 Think only shou'd the day be won,  
 How 'twill cheer,  
 Her heart to hear,  
 That her own true failor he was one.

---

## XXXI.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.*

A SCARLET coat and smart cockade,  
 Are passports to the Fair;  
 For Venus' self was kind, 'tis said,  
 To Mars the God of war.  
 Then since my country calls to arms,  
 Love's livery I'll wear,  
 Nor seek reward, save Nanny's charms,  
 But go a Volunteer.  
 Shou'd Fortune smile, and grant me fame,  
 The Laurel will be thine;  
 The Flow'rs of Love I only claim,  
 Ah, let their sweets entwine.  
 Then since my Country, &c.

All

All hardships seem as light as air,  
 While British Maids we guard ;  
 Each Soldier has one darling care---  
 Her smile's his best reward.  
 Then since my Country calls to arms,  
 Love's livery I'll wear,  
 Nor seek reward, save Nanny's charms,  
 But go a Volunteer.

---

## XXXII.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY.*

**H**ARK, hark! hear the trumpet of war!  
 How lively! how cheerful its strain!  
 It calls Britain's sons from afar,  
 To fight the Armadas of Spain.  
 It sounds sweet revenge in our ears,  
 To make them smart well for their brag,  
 Which to do, we will pay 'em arrears,  
 And wipe off the stain from our flag.  
 Then Britons be valiant, your courage display,  
 And add to Old England another proud day.  
 How foolish and weak their decrees,  
 How vain and pretended their hope,  
 To think themselves Lords of the seas,  
 Because they've a Bull from the Pope:  
 But Britons at this make a jest,  
 And ne'er will subscribe to their notion,  
 For they know, that those who fight best,  
 Can only be Lords of the Ocean.  
 Then Britons, &c.

Our

Our fleets then in readiness wait,  
 In hopes of performing their vow,  
 And no one can doubt of Spain's fate,  
 Since we are commanded by Howe.  
 His sailors are warm with desire,  
 Their courage and strength to evince,  
 To conquer they're taught to aspire,  
 Which lesson they have from a Prince.  
 Then Britons, &c.

---

 XXXIII.

*Sung by Miss LEARY.*

**W**HEN Jack parted from me to plow the salt  
 deep,  
 Alas, I mayn't see him again!  
 In spite of all talking I could not but weep,  
 To help it I'm sure was in vain.  
 Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewell  
 Saying, " Poll, come, my soul, it won't do ;  
 " So, d'ye hear, avast whining and sobbing, my  
 girl,  
 " 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you."  
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,  
 From something that whisper'd d'ye see,  
 There's a Sweet Little Angel that sits out of sight,  
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.  
 Yet while he's at distance each thought is employ'd,  
 And nought can delight me on shore ;  
 I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,  
 And Jack I shall never see more :

But

But then it's but fancy; that Angel above,  
 Who can do such a wonder of things,  
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,  
 And so to myself I thus sings;  
 What matters repining, my heart shall be light,  
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,  
 There's a Sweet Little Angel that sits out of sight  
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

But should that Sweet Angel, wherever he be,  
 Forget to look out after Jack,  
 Why then he may never return unto me,  
 Ah, never, no never come back:  
 But oh, it can't be, he's too good and too kind,  
 To make the salt water his grave;  
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,  
 Or dread every turbulent wave;  
 Besides, I will never kind Providence slight,  
 For a something there whispers d'ye see,  
 There's a Sweet Little Angel that sits out of sight,  
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

---

 XXXIV.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.*

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,  
 More bright than May-day morn;  
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,  
 A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good-will!  
 I'd crowns resign, to call her mine,  
 Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye



Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,  
 And wanton thro' the grove;  
 O whisper to my charming fair,  
 I die for her and love.

This lads so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,  
 Who calls this nymph his own;  
 O may her choice be fix'd on me,  
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.

This lads so neat, &c.

### XXXV.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON.*

THO' man has long boasted an absolute sway,  
 While woman's hard fate was love, honour, obey;  
 At length over wedlock fair liberty dawns,  
 And the lords of creation must pull in their horns;  
 For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree,  
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free:  
 Away with your doubts, your fumnises, and fears,  
 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers;  
 Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease,  
 And make of your husbands what creatures you  
 please:

To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world see,  
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

The rights of your sex, wou'd you e'er see restor'd,  
 Your tongues shou'd be us'd as a two edged sword;

That

That ear piercing weapon each husband must dread,  
 Who thinks on the marks you may place on his head;  
 Then wisely unite, till the men all agree,  
 That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free.

No more shall the wife, all meek as a lamb,  
 Be subject to, "Zounds, do you know who I am ;"  
 Domestic politeness shall flourish again,  
 When women take courage to govern the men ;  
 Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,  
 Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

---

 XXXVI.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY.*

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,  
 And love at his shrine gay libations to pour ;  
 And Venus, blest'd Venus, my bosom inspires,  
 For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires.  
 Yet to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold,  
 My bottle and lass I by turn must enfold !  
 For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,  
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.  
 When fill'd to the fair the brisk bumper I hold,  
 Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold ?  
 The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,  
 If good port fill your glass, and fair Kitty the toast,  
 And the charms of your girl more angelic will be  
 If her sophia's encircled with wreaths from his tree  
 For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,  
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul,  
 O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;  
 Bliss reflected from either will send to my heart,  
 Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have  
     apart;

Go try it, ye smiling and gay-looking throng,  
 And your hearts shall in union beat to my song;  
 That the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,  
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

---

 XXXVII.

*Sung by Miss Poole. Written by Lady W. Montague*

WHILE Strephon thus you tease me,  
 To say what won my heart;  
 It cannot, sure, be treason,  
 If I the truth impart

It was your generous nature,  
 Bold, soft, sincere, and gay;  
 It shone in every feature,  
 And stole my heart away.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming,  
 'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright;  
 'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming,  
 Nor beauty's dazzling light.

No---it was your generous nature, &c.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining,  
 Nor shape that won my heart;  
 'Twas not your tongue combining,  
 For that might please by art.

No---it was your generous nature, &c

## XXXVIII.

## XXXVIII.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON.*

**SMART** Doll of the green, who lov'd mirth as  
her life,

By many a swain was requested to wife ;  
Her figure was graceful, and comely her face,  
Yet in her affections no man had ta'en place.  
The 'squire of the vill took it into his head,  
That he by great proffers cou'd win her to bed ;  
But all his fine artifice, Dolly thro' saw,  
And baulk'd the poor 'squire with a hearty ha ! ha !

Next Hodge of the vale all his flame did impart,  
Who knew nothing more than a plow or a cart ;  
With aukward address he made a strange fust,  
Turn'd his hat o'er his thumb, and begg'd for a  
buff.

The lout fetch'd a sigh, and cry'd 'deed Doll 'tis  
true,

Ife love the most woundly, i'faith girl I do ;  
But she slapp'd his fool's chops, and bid him with-  
draw ;

So sent him away, while she loud laugh'd ha ! ha !

The next was a fellow so fine and so spruce,  
Who caper'd and sung, 'mong the girls play'd  
the deuce !

And poor Dolly thought for to serve as the rest,  
But she was too sharp, and of him made a jest,



Quoth Doll, I'll ne'er wed till I meet with a man,  
 Much less let a fop my affections trepan;  
 And said such a thing she before never saw,  
 But hop'd he'd excuse it, and laugh'd out ha! ha!

With the ladies I know 'tis a primitive rule,  
 Much better be plagu'd with a knave than a fool;  
 And others again this opinion impart,  
 Their eyes they will please if they torture their  
 heart.

From these I dissent, but approve of the plan  
 That Dolly laid down, till you meet with your man;  
 Then your hands and your hearts may unite with-  
 out law,

And your conjugal state be one scene of ha! ha!

## XXXIX

*Sung by Miss JAMESON.*

**I** DO as I will with my swain,

He never once thinks I am wrong;

He likes none so well on the plain,

I please him so much with my song.

A song is the shepherd's delight,

He hears me with joy all the day;

He's sorry when comes the dull night,

That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress,

He ask'd me to sooth him the while;

My voice set his mind all to rest,

And the shepherd wou'd instantly smile.

Since

Since when, or in mead or in grove,  
 By his flocks, or the clear river's side ;  
 I sing my best song to my love,  
 And to charm him is grown all my pride,

No beauty had I to endear,  
 No treasures of nature or art ;  
 But my voice that had gain'd on his ear,  
 Soon found out the way to his heart.  
~~To try if that voice would not please,~~  
 He took me to join the gay throng ;  
 I won the rich prize all with ease,  
 And my fame's gone abroad with a song.

But let me not jealousy raise,  
 I wish to enchant but my swain ;  
 Enough then for me is his praise,  
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.  
 When youth, wealth, and beauty may fail,  
 And your shepherds elude all your skill ;  
 Your sweetness of voice may prevail,  
 And gain all your swains to your will,

---

 XL.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON.*

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos isle, so fam'd of old, I come,  
 To raise recruits with merry fife and drum ;  
 The queen of beauty here by me invites,  
 Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet delights :  
 Obey the call, and seek the happy land,  
 Where captain Cupid bears the sole command.

## A I R.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who are youthful and  
gay,

Attend to the call and be blest while you may ;

Lads and lasses hither come,

To the sound of the drum,

I have treasure in store which you never have seen :

Then haste, let us rove

To the island of love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Each nymph of sixteen, who would fain be a wife,

Shall soon have a partner to blest her for life ;

Then lasses hither come,

To the sound of the drum,

I have sweethearts in store such as never was seen ;

Haste, haste, let us rove,

To the island of love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Would a swain but be blest with a nymph to his  
mind,

Let him enter my list, and his wish he shall find ;

I can blest him for life,

With a kind loving wife,

More beautiful far than was nymph ever seen :

Then haste, let us rove,

To the island of love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In

In Paphos, we know of nor discord nor strife,  
Each nymph and each swain may be happy for  
life;

In transport and joy,  
We each moment employ,  
And taste such delights as were never yet seen ;  
Then haste, let us rove  
To the island of love,  
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

## XLI.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY--Written by Mr. UPTON.*

**T**HE sun, when arising, bespangles the dew,  
And tints with his glory the skies ;  
All nature's in motion, how charming the view,  
When day is beginning to rise !  
The morning is lively, Maria awake,  
Let us haste to the myrtle alcove ;  
Or stray by the side of the chrystaline lake,  
While the morn is inviting to love !  
Did thy mind turn on me, in thy dreams in the  
night ?  
Did I e'er to thy fancy appear ?  
Did no fond idea thy bosom delight ?  
Maria, unfold to my ear :  
Unseen and unheard, you may tell it me now,  
Not a witness is near but the dove,  
Which mourns for its mate, on the olive tree  
bough,  
While the morn is inviting to love !

The



The winter, Maria, will come on apace,  
 As summer begins to depart ;  
 Come then, in my bosom a confidence place,  
 And speak the fond wish of thy heart ;  
 O let us, my fair, be united to day,  
 And haste to the church in the grove,  
 Nor let us the pleasing occasion delay,  
 While the morn is inviting to love.

---

 XLII.

*Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.*

WHEN first my sage mother began to advise,  
 Dearest Nancy, said she, to be virtuous, and good  
 To treacherous man, shut your ears and your eyes,  
 I promis'd for certain, I wou'd if I cou'd.  
 On the green when I danc'd, and the lads call'd  
     me fair,  
 While sighing and flatt'ring, on tip-toe they stood,  
 They begg'd I'd believe them, their vows were  
     sincere,  
 I told them, I certainly wou'd if I cou'd.  
 And when my dear Jockey appear'd on the plain,  
 Each elderly maiden, and ill-natur'd prude,  
 All bid me beware of the blooming young swain,  
 I said, with a sigh, I wou'd if I cou'd.  
 He approach'd with delight, and call'd me sweet  
     maid,  
 Then whisper'd with all the respect that he  
     shou'd ;  
 If I offer'd my hand, you'd refuse I'm afraid,  
 I laughing replied, I wou'd if I cou'd.

These

These smiles are propitious, the shepherd then  
cried,

Thy meaning tho' humble, be soon understood ;  
We'll meet in the morn, and I'll make you my  
bride,

I promis'd with blushes, I wou'd if I cou'd.

We met this blest morning, and hasten'd away,  
For my shepherd is honest, and faithful, and  
good,

And I, simple I---said, I'd love and obey,  
But certainly meant, that I wou'd if I cou'd.

---

XLIII.

*Sung by* Mrs. WEISCHEL.

EVERY year impairs life's treasure,  
Robs us of a charm and grace,  
Takes away a joy and pleasure,  
Steals some roses from the face.

'Tis our interest and our duty  
To arrest the hand of time,  
Not to lose a spring of beauty,  
Not to wait beyond our prime.

Let us hearken, then, to reason,  
Let's be happy while 'tis noon,  
Let us catch the summer season.  
Winter else will come too soon.

## XLIV.

*Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH.*

HOPE's a cheat, a great deceiver,  
Will o'Wisp, who leads astray,  
Yet is man the fond believer,  
Trusts him on from day to day.  
Vast's his promise, beyond measure,  
Sickness now he soothes with health,  
Toil with rest, and pain with pleasure,  
Fills the beggar's purse with wealth.

When each friend become's a stranger,  
And the world now bids farewell,  
He ne'er warns us of our danger,  
Still he whispers, "all is well."  
But his flattery's never over,  
He attends when all forsake,  
Over life he's sure to hover,  
But for Hope the heart would break.

Hope ! I charge you, come not near me,  
I'll not mind you from to-day.  
You no longer now can cheer me,  
False is all that you can say.  
Lately you a while reliev'd me,  
Now I find myself undone,  
For you have at last deceiv'd me :  
Hope ! thou bubble, get the gone !

## XLV.

*Sung by Miss NEWMAN.*

I'M told by the wise ones a maid I shall die,  
 They say I'm too nice, but the charge I deny,  
 I know but too well how the time flies along,  
 That we live but few years, and fewer are young ;  
 But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy  
 Whole ages of sorrow for moments of joy ;  
 I never will wed till a youth I can find,  
 Where the Friend and the Lover are equally join'd.

No Pedant tho' learned, or foolishly gay,  
 Or laughing because he has nothing to say  
 To ev'ry fair one obliging and free,  
 But never be loving to any but me,  
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,  
 Whose kindness may sooth me, whose counsels can  
 guide.

Such a youth I wou'd marry, if such I cou'd find  
 Where the Friend and the Lover are equally join'd  
 From such a dear Lover as here I describe,  
 No danger should fright me, nor millions should  
 bribe ;

But 'till this astonishing creature I know,  
 I am single, and happy, and still will be so ;  
 You may laugh, and suppose I am nicer than wife,  
 But I'll shun the dull fop, the dull coxcomb de-  
 spise ;

Nor e'er will I marry till the youth I can find,  
 Where the Friend and the Lover are equally  
 join'd.

XLVI.



XLVI.

*Sung by Miss LEARY.*

How drear the night, how dark each cloud,  
While rustling winds are whistling loud,  
With foaming and tempestuous roar  
The surges dash against the shore ;  
The rocks and hollow caves resound  
And horrors fill each mind around.

Ah ! where's my Willy ? far from me.

Upon the rough and dang'rous sea !  
With ev'ry rushing gale I hear  
I heave a sigh, and drop a tear :  
And when the dreadful thunders roll,  
The tempest shakes me to the soul,  
I tremble, listen, hope and fear,  
For thee, my true and only dear.

Ah ! where's my Willy, &c.

How happy those who live on land,  
And see their homely toils expand ;  
They dread no rock, or billows' roar,  
Secure upon their native shore,  
They view their lambkins skip and bound,  
And crop their food from flow'ry ground ;  
Nor mourn their absent love, like me,  
Far off upon the dang'rous sea !

Ah ! where's my Willy ? far from me.

XLVII.

## XLVII.

*Sung by Mrs. KENNEDY.*

FOR the brook and the willow forsaking the plain,  
 Young Celia came mournfully speaking her pain;  
 Soft zephyrs and willow, kind brook lend your aid,  
 Regard the complaint of a wretched fond maid,  
 To the willow, the willow complain,  
 While echo repeats the sad cause of my pain.

If the man that I love should here chance to stray,  
 In murmuring sounds, let the brook softly say,  
 For you ev'ry shepherd she us'd with disdain,  
 But Strephon, alas, is a false-hearted swain.  
 To the willow, &c.

For the sake of the nymph whom your wit did  
 ensnare,

Add a tear to the brook, add a sigh to the air,  
 But if your hard heart, doth relentless remain,  
 May you love as I love, and like me love in vain.  
 To the willow, &c.

## XLVIII.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON. Written by Mr. ROBSON,*

WHEN first I saw the village Maid,

Like Cymon, motionless I stood,

'Twas Iphigenia's self appearing,

Lovely, beautiful, and good.

Her cheeks outblush'd the rip'ning rose,

Her smiles wou'd banish mortals' woes,

So sweet the village maiden.

Clarissa's eyes all eyes attracting,  
 Her breath Arabian spices feign;  
 For her, like gold, wou'd Av'rice wander,  
 Adventure life the prize to gain.  
 I told my love with many fears,  
 Which she returned with speaking tears;  
 So sweet the village maiden,

She sigh'd because she had not riches,  
 To make her lady-like and gay;  
 Tho' virtue was her only fortune.  
 I dar'd to name the nuptial day,  
 The cares of wealth let knaves endure,  
 I shall be rich enough I'm sure,  
 To wed the village maid.

\*\*\* The remainder of the VAUXHALL SONGS which are  
 to Scotch Tunes, or relative to the CHACE, are arranged  
 under their respective heads of Hunting and Scotch in the  
 Third Volume.

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## R A N E L A G H.

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XLIX.

*Sung by Mr. WILSON.*

RECITATIVE.

THE balmy Zephyrs breath'd their store;  
 And wav'd the gentle breeze;  
 The busy day of toil was o'er,  
 And Nature fought for ease.

A I R

## A I R.

'Twas near a daisy-sprinkled mead,  
 A blushing rose I found,  
 Wasting its odours in the air,  
 Its sweetness on the ground.

Sweet flow'r, I cry'd, how short thy bloom!  
 And snatch'd it to my breast,  
 Here may'st thou shed thy last perfume,  
 And find eternal rest.

Yet no—to Delia's bosom steal,  
 Who boasts her youthful prime,  
 And tell her plainly that her charms  
 Too soon must fade like thine.

Then on her bosom breathe thy last,  
 While I thy fate deplore!  
 And mark, with sorrow, at thy doom,  
 That thou shalt bloom no more.

L.

*Sung by Mr. WILSON.*

'T WAS at the cool and fragrant hour,  
 When ev'ning steals upon the sky,  
 When Lovers seek the silent bow'r,  
 Young William taught the grove to sigh;



His heavenly form and beauteous air,  
 Was like the flow'ry vale,  
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love  
 Of Mary of the Dale.

When o'er the mountain peep'd the dawn,  
 Oppress'd with grief he'd often stray,  
 O'er rising hill, and fertile lawn,  
 To sigh and weep his cares away :  
 Tho' he had charms to win each fair,  
 That dwells within the vale,  
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love  
 Of Mary of the Dale.

The merry dance, the chearful song,  
 Cou'd now no more a charm impart,  
 No more his hours glide smooth along,  
 For grief lay heavy at his heart :  
 This cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
 Was like the primrose pale,  
 Sighing, he died, and all for love,  
 Of Mary of the Dale.

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# LI.

*Sung by Mr. WILSON.*

WHEN lovely Anna first I view'd,  
 Amid the numerous throng  
 Fearful my heart shou'd be subdued,  
 I thus address'd my song——

Sweet

Sweet Son of Beauty, now forbear  
 Thy bow to bend in vain ;  
 Not once enchain'd to all that's dear,  
 My freedom will maintain.

With scornful look, the youth reply'd,  
 Can nought those charms inspire ?  
 To such the Gods wou'd be ally'd,  
 Perfection all admire.  
 He straight let fly an arrow keen,  
 A chasm wide was op'd ;  
 Soft pleasure flow'd, I view'd the mien,  
 To gain her all I hop'd.

## LII.

*Sung by Mr. KING. Written by Capt. TOPHAM.*

YOU bid me my jovial companions forsake,  
 The joys of a rural recess to partake ;  
 With you, my good friend, I'll retreat to the vine,  
 Its shelter be your's, but its nectar be mine ;  
 For each 'twill a separate pleasure produce,  
 You cool in it's shade, whilst I glow with it's juice,  
 And own no delight with its rapture can vie,  
 Who always is drinking, yet always is dry.

The lover may talk of his flames and his darts,  
 His judgment of eyes, and his conquest of hearts,  
 May smile with the wanton, and sport with the gay,  
 Enjoy where he can, and desert where he may ;

Yet the warmest adherents of love must deplore,  
 That it favours when tasted, are favours no more ;  
 Then how can such joys with his extacy vie.  
 Who always is drinking, yet always is dry.

Ambition, they tell me, has charms for us all,  
 But well I'm convinc'd they're charms that must pall ;  
 The pageant of splendour may lure for a while,  
 But soon we grow sick of its weight and it's toil ;  
 Nor can it with us be compar'd, my brave boy,  
 Whose appetites strengthen the more we enjoy ;  
 Then deign ye kind pow'rs, with this wish to comply,  
 May I always be drinking, yet always be dry.

---

## LIII.

*Sung by Mrs. BARTHELEMON.*

**A**GIN the year puts forth her blooms,  
 Delightful Spring her robe resumes,  
 And ev'ry storm is laid :  
 Fierce blust'ring winds, and driving rains,  
 No more shall blast the verdant plains,  
 Or whistle thro' the glade.

Again o'er yonder daisy'd mead,  
 The virgin choir the dancers lead,  
 And chaunt their rural lay ;  
 See Flora, and her sprightly train,  
 Now jocund beat the village plain,  
 With freedom, mirth and play.

Again

Again return'd the smiling hours,  
And ev'ry scene is deck'd with flow'rs,

That hail the new-born year :

But, ah ! can hapless I be gay,

Or join the festal rites of May,

While Damon is not there.

Ye limped streams and shady tree,

How tasteless are your sweets to me,

How gloomy ev'ry scene.

But see !---thro' yonder mossy grove,

I see my faithful Damon rove,

Adieu to care and pain.

#### LIV.

*Sung by Mrs. BARTHELEMON.*

LOVE o'er me has no dominion,

From his bondage I am free ;

I'll ne'er change my fond opinion,

Cupid shan't make slave of me.

Pompous words and speeches tender,

Can't my tranquil breast alarm ;

I my heart will ne'er surrender,

Lovers cannot do me harm.

Chaste Diana's pleasures loving,

I'll pursue the distant chace ;

O'er the mountains flying, roving,

Man shall never see my face.



## LV.

*Sung at SADLER'S WELLS by Mrs. HARLOWE.*

*Written by Mr. LANGDALE.*

**W**HEN the anchor's weigh'd, and the ship's  
unmoor'd,  
And landsmen lag behind, Sir ;  
The sailer joyful skips on board,  
And swearing, prays for a wind, Sir.  
Towing here, yehoiing there,  
Steadily, readily,  
Chearily, merrily,  
Still from care and thinking free,  
Is a sailer's life at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,  
And landsmen all grow sick, Sir ;  
The sailer lolls with his mind at ease,  
And the song and the cann go quick, Sir.  
Laughing here, quaffing there,  
Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,  
And sings to landsmen dreary  
The sailer fearless goes to sleep,  
Or takes his watch most cheary.  
Boozing here, snoozing there,  
Steadily, &c.

When

When the sky grows black, and the wind blows  
hard,

And landsmen sculk below, Sir:  
Jack mounts up to the top-sail yard,  
And turns his quid as he goes, Sir.  
Hawling here, bawling there.  
Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,  
And landsmen cry " All's gone, Sir ;"  
The failor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,  
And he jokes with Davy Jones, Sir.  
Dashing here, clashing there,  
Steadily, &c.

When the ship d'ye see becomes a wreck,  
And landsmen hoist the boat, Sir ;  
The failor scorns to quit the deck  
While a single plank's afloat, Sir.  
Swearing here, tearing there,  
Steadily, readily,  
Chearily, merrily,  
Still from from care and thinking free,  
Is a failor's life at sea.

LVI.

CHING CHIT QUAW.

*Sung at SADLER'S WELLS.*

*Written by Mr. LONSDALE.*

FIRST CHINESE GIRL.

NING chew nang, po ning, ning kang, hay  
ning.

SECOND GIRL.

Chew nang, po ning, ning kang hay,  
Ching, chick a ching, chick a ching, ching chit  
quaw, ching,

Chick a ching, a chick a ching, a ching chit quaw ;

CLOWN.

You sing so well, I should like to play  
With your chick a ching, chick a ching, ching  
chit quaw.

With your chick a ching, a chick a ching, a ching  
chit quaw,

SECOND GIRL.

Shu shank king, quang ho, ho shung tong,

Shu shang king, quang ho, ho shung tong.

FIRST GIRL.

Ching, chick a ching, a chick, a chick, ching  
chit quaw ;

Ching, chick a chng, a chick a ching, a ching  
chit quaw.

III

CLOWN.

CLOWN.

I'll kifs them both before 'tis long,  
With their chick a ching, chick a ching, ching  
chit quaw.

FIRST GIRL.

Ming chew hang, tew ming, ming tang ki,  
Ming chew hang, tew ming, ming tang ki.

SECOND GIRL.

Ching, chick a ching, chick a ching, ching  
chit quaw;  
Ching, chick a ching, a chick a ching, a ching  
chit quaw.

CLOWN.

Oh! if that's the case---I am off---good bye  
To your chick a ching, chick a ching, ching  
chit quaw.

SECOND GIRL.

Whang fong, sham shung, quang whang ping fu,  
Whang fong, sham shung, quang wang, ping fu.

FIRST GIRL.

Ching, chick a ching, chick a ching, ching  
chit quaw,  
Ching, chick a ching, a chick a ching, a ching  
chit quaw.

CLOWN.

The devil won'dn't have such wives as you,  
With your chink a ching, chink a ching, ching  
chit quaw.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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MISCELLANEOUS.

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LVII.

*The* BANNER of FREEDOM.

*Written by* Captain MORRIS.

WHILE the rights of mankind and fair Liberty's cause,  
Are engraved on our hearts and upheld by our laws,  
While the fabric of State is uprear'd on the plan,  
That gives Nature's claims in just measure to man.

CHORUS.

Then Britain once more shall be great as she's  
brave.  
And the Banner of Freedom triumphantly wave.

While the politic wheel keeps the track of the state,  
While the scale of fair justice is true to its weight,  
While no favor, no pow'r, breaks Heav'n's design,  
And the beams of God's blessing thro' Government shine.

CHO. Then Britain once more, &c.

When

When our Monarchs, content with their limited  
 sway,  
 Shall observe their condition to rule and obey;  
 And as Britain's first servant, while true to their  
 charge,  
 Shall be true to their Sov'reign---the people at  
 large.

CHO. Then Britain once more, &c.

When party, unmov'd by self-int'rest or hate,  
 Shall flame with no zeal, but a zeal for the state,  
 When the public alone on try'd servants depend,  
 And the trust of the people's still lodg'd with their  
 friend.

CHO. Then Britain once more, &c.

Then shall glory and industry spread o'er our isle,  
 And the dim face of credit recover its smile;  
 Our burthens grow light as our commerce revives,  
 And a full tide of plenty give ease to our lives.

CHO. Then shall Britain once more, &c.

But when prejudice, passion, or personal ends,  
 Guide the will of the crown and its sycophant  
 friends;

When faction with meanness and malice unknown,  
 To hatch a foul purpose, fly steals to the throne.

CHORUS.

Then Britain no more can be great as she's brave,  
 Nor the Banner of Freedom triumphantly wave.

VOL. II.

G

When

When Courtiers, who still have the smiles of a king,  
For the doctrines they hold, and the homage they  
bring,

In obstinate error encourage the Throne,  
And stretch out its power to widen their own.

CHO. Then Britain no more, &c.

When that slave of vile service, clandestine, and  
base,

The Thane's guilty nightman, too foul for dis-  
grace;

When that foe of all freedom again shews his ears,  
And dictates at will to a nation he fears.

CHO. Then Britain no more, &c.

When a gang of old Tories, to chain a free state,  
Hang a child on their hook, as a popular bait;  
When they tutor a babe in the sins of their tribe,  
And then with his virtue our patience wou'd bribe,

CHO. Then Britain no more, &c.

Then want and oppression, disaster, and shame,  
Will ravage our country, and bury our name,  
For the great Tory maxim's to load you with ills,  
Till crush'd with your burthens, you bend to their  
wills.

CHO. Then Britain no more, &c.

May our vengeance confound then a system so vile!  
That wou'd break the brave spirit that lives in our  
isle;

May the people's oppressors meet halters and blocks,  
And all hearts join the Banner of Freedom and

Fox.

CHO. Then Britains once more, &c.

LVIII.

## LVIII.

POOR JACK. *By Mr. DIBDIN.*

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,  
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;  
 A tight water boat, and good sea-room give me,  
 And it e'n't to a little I'll strike;  
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack-smooth  
 should smite,  
 And shiver each splinter of wood,  
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse every  
 thing tight,  
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.---  
 Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,  
 To be taken for trifles a-back;  
 For they say, there's a Providence sits up aloft---  
 To keep watch for---the life of POOR JACK.

Why, I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day,  
 About souls---heaven---mercy---and such;  
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!  
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.  
 But, he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye  
 see,

Without orders that come down below;  
 And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me  
 That Providence takes us in tow.  
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so  
 oft

Take the top-lifts of sailors a-back,  
 There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,  
 To keep watch for---the life of POOR JACK.



I said to our Poll, (for you see she would cry)  
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,  
 "What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye?  
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!  
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room  
     for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;  
 And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,  
 Why, you never will hear of me more!  
 What then!---all's a hazard---come, dont be soft,  
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;  
 For dy'e see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,  
 To keep watch for---the life of POOR JACK.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,  
 All as one as a piece of the ship,  
 And with her brave the world, without off'ring to  
     flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.  
 As to me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and  
     ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;---  
 My heart is my Poll's---and my rhino my friends;  
 And as for my life,---'tis my King's!  
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft  
 As with grief to be taken a-back;  
 That same little cherub, that sits up aloft,  
 Will look out a good birth for---POOR JACK!"

## LIX.

PARODY on the above by Mr. BARTON.

DEAR Polly, no longer in absence complain,  
 While far o'er the ocean I sail;  
 I never yet dreaded the storms on the main,  
 But whistl'd or sung to the gale:  
 I have sail'd to the East, I have sail'd to the West,  
 To the North, and the South, I have been;  
 No danger alarm'd me, no fear fill'd my breast,  
 And safe I returned again:  
 My love fill'd my mind, still wherever I went,  
 And my courage was never a-back;  
 For I thought the god Cupid would make her  
 content,  
 And preserve my dear Poll for POOR JACK.

So now 'tis my lot, for to quit you once more,  
 To fight with the insolent foe;  
 Yet make yourself happy, dear Poll, on the shore,  
 For fate will protect me I know:  
 Death shoots his sharp arrow o'er sea and o'er  
 land,  
 And it signifies not where we die;  
 'Tis in vain to repine, when he gives his com-  
 mand,

It will all be as one by and by:  
 Perhaps you may die, while I sail far away,  
 If you should, may I never come back;  
 For I never, I'm sure, should survive that sad day,  
 Which takes away Poll from POOR JACK.

But away with such thoughts, they are foes to the  
brave,

I'll think not of what is to come ;  
For glory, and honour, each son of the wave,  
Will fight or will round the world roam :  
The winds may pipe loud, and the billows may  
roar,

The rocks and the sands may appear ;  
Yet love will protect me, I'm certain and sure,  
Once more to return to my dear :  
Then mark what I say, and believe it is true,  
With grief ne'er to be taken a-back ;  
As Cupid will surely protect me for you,  
And Poll, for her honest POOR JACK.

Then once more farewell, as the wind it fits fair,  
And the vessel she casts for the sea ;  
Then cheer up your courage, and never despair,  
And whimper no longer for me :  
My heart shall be constant wherever I go,  
Each doubt and suspicion is vain ;  
I fear not the ocean, I fear not the foe,  
Hope says, I shall come safe again :  
And Cupid, who takes all true lovers in tow,  
From danger will keep me a-back ;  
For he will protect me, for Poll, I well know,  
And Poll for her honest POOR JACK.

## LX.

SEQUEL to POOR JACK, *by Mr. MOULDS.*

WHEN last honest Jack of whose fate I now sing  
 Weigh'd anchor and cast out for sea,  
 For he ne'er refus'd for his country and king  
 To fight, for no lubber was he;  
 To hand, reef, and steer, and house every thing  
 tight,  
 Full well did he know every inch,  
 Tho' the top lifts of sailors the tempest should  
 smite,  
 Jack never wasknown for to flinch.  
 Tho' the toplifts, &c.

Aloft from the mast-head one day he espy'd  
 Seven sail, which appear'd to his view,  
 Clear the decks, sponge the guns, was instantly  
 cry'd,  
 And each to his station then flew;  
 They fought until most of their fellows were slain,  
 And silenc'd was every gun,  
 Twas then that old English valour was vain.  
 For by numbers, alas! they're undone.  
 Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conquest dis-  
 may'd,  
 Could tamely submit to his fate,  
 When his country he found he no longer could  
 serve,  
 Looking round, he address'd thus each mate,  
 What's



What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone,  
 Much nobler it were for to die,  
 So now for old Davy, then plung'd in the main,  
 E'en the cherub above heav'd a sigh.

---

## LXI.

*Written by Mr. CHATTERTON.*

IF gentle Love's immortal fire,  
 Could animate the quill,  
 Soon should the rapture speaking lyre,  
 Sing Fanny of the Hill.

My panting heart incessant moves,  
 No interval is still;  
 And all my ravish'd nature loves,  
 Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Her dying, soft, expressive eye,  
 Her elegance must kill;  
 Ye gods, how many thousand die  
 For Fanny of the Hill.

A love-taught tongue, angelic air,  
 A sentiment---a skill,  
 In all the graces of the fair,  
 Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Then mighty power---eternal fate,  
 My happiness to fill,  
 Oh, bless a wretched lover's state  
 With Fanny of the Hill.

LXII.

LXII.

*Written by Mr. CHATTERTON.*

**Y**OUNG Colin was as stout a boy,  
As ever gave a maiden joy,  
But long in vain he told his tale  
To black-ey'd Biddy of the Dale.

Ah, why, the whining shepherd cried,  
Am I alone your smiles deny'd ?  
I only tell in vain my tale,  
To black-ey'd Biddy of the Dale.

True, Colin, said the laughing dame,  
You only whimper out your flame ;  
Others do more than sigh their tale  
To black-ey'd Biddy of the Dale.

---

LXIII.

*Written by W. PEARCE, Esq.*

**I** Will never vow truth at the feet of that fair,  
Who refuses my story of fiction, an ear,  
If my soul she enamours, my love shall be shewn,  
When she yields me her heart, to make room for  
my own.

In her bosom the whiteness of snow I'll behold,  
 But not like the snow, must that bosom be cold,  
 And her eyes, with the lustre of planets, shall  
     shine,  
 So their beams are exchange'd in good humour with  
     mine.

If careless she turns, when my passion I tell,  
 I'll copy her manners, and bid her---farewell!  
 If the lesson of love, she refuses from me,  
 I'll learn her Indifference, and like her be free.

## LXIV.

THO' his passion in silence the youth wou'd conceal,

What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal,  
 And by soft stol'n glances unwillingly prove,  
 That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.

To the grove, to the green, to the dance, to the  
     fair,

Where'er I go my blithe shepherd is there;  
 I know the fond youth by his blush, by his smile;  
 And surely such looks were not made to beguile.

Tho' indifferent the subject, whatever it prove,  
 He insensibly turns the discourse upon love,  
 If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,  
 Though his words are to her, yet his looks are  
     to me.

Sometime

Sometimes I command him his speech to restrain  
 But, alas, my resolves ! I command it in vain,  
 For when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue,  
 I forget my commands, and resume it anew.

When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear,  
 He should speak what I dread, and yet wish most to  
 hear ;

Should he mention his love, tho' my pride wou'd  
 deny,

My heart whispers, prythee dear Iris comply.

---

## LXV.

DEAR Chloe while thus beyond measure,

You treat me with doubts and disdain,  
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,  
 And hoard up an old age of pain.

Your maxim, that love is still founded  
 On charms that will quickly decay,  
 You'll find to be very ill-grounded  
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,  
 Your kindness would vastly improve ;  
 Your sighs and your smiles are the dawn,  
 Fruition's the sunshine of love.

And tho' the bright beams of your eyes  
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay ;  
 And darkness possess all the skies,  
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was day.



Old Darby, with Joan by his side,  
 You've often regarded with wonder;  
 He's dropfical, she's weak eye'd,  
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder.

Together they totter about,  
 Or fit in the fun, at the door,  
 And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,  
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty, nor wit, they poffefs,  
 Their feveral failings to fmother;  
 Then what are the charms, can you guefs,  
 That make them fo fond of each other?

'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
 The endearments which youth did beftow;  
 The thoughts of paff pleasure and truth,  
 The beft of our bleffings below.

Those traces for ever will laft,  
 Which ficknefs nor time can remove;  
 For when youth and beauty are paff,  
 And age brings the winter of love:

A friendship infenfibly grows  
 By reviews of fuch raptures as thefe,  
 The current of fondnefs ftill flows,  
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

---

 LXVI.

**G**O, fragrant flowers, forsake your clay-cold bed  
 Thrive in the sunshine of Lisetta's eye :  
 Live in its beams, beneath its lustre fade ;  
 Bloom on her breast, and on her bosom die.  
 There, from those charms unwilling to remove,  
 O let each flow'ret---emblematic wreath !  
 Live its short hour, expressive of my love,  
 That fades to fall, not languishes till death.  
 Emblem of youth ! in beauty's charms array'd,  
 Blush like the morn, and close with closing  
 day ;  
 Then, radiant wreath ! go teach the lovely  
 maid ;  
 Since life is short, 'tis wisdom to be gay.

---

## XLVII.

**A**S Pitt from Dundas's was lately returning,  
 With his skin full of liquor at one in the morning,  
 According to custom the youth went astray,  
 Perplex'd, and bewilder'd, and out of his way.  
 Derry down.



“ Here ! John, Thomas, William ! where are ye  
all ? run,

“ Strike a light ! let the dogs lose ! and bring  
“ me my gun ! ”

Derry down.

With eyes all in tears, says the stripling, says he,  
“ O dear Mr. Farmer, pray do not kill me ! ”  
But deaf to his pray’rs and intreaties, I wist,  
At random he fir’d ! what a mercy he mis’d !

Derry down.

Down, down fell the boy---for he thought he was  
dead,

And long would not venture to lift up his head ;  
At last all bemir’d, and in horrid dismay,  
He took to his heels, and with speed ran away.

Derry down.

Oh, what grief would his death have diffus’d  
through the nation !

To the throne what addressies of fore lamentation :  
Had he fall’n in this worse than a gunpowder plot,  
For old Guy ne’er attempted to meddle with shot.

Derry down.

Now all ye young statesmen of these ticklish days,  
Take warning from *Billy*, and look to your ways ;  
Don’t be leaping o’er bounds that were formerly  
kept,

Nor awake at the time when your forefather’s  
slept.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.



## LXVIII.

JOHNNY was a piper's son,  
 Jenny was a fidler's daughter;  
 Johnny tuned his oaten pipe,  
 And Jenny sung as Johnny taught her.

O Johnny,  
 Blythe and bonny,  
 O Johnny o'er the water;

Johnny gay,  
 His pipe wou'd play,

And Jenny sung as Johnny taught her.

Thro' the meadows, down the burn,  
 O'er the hills they oft were straying;

On a mossy bank reclin'd,

Cupid often caught them playing.

O Johnny,

Blythe and bonny, &c.

Maidens fair, guard well your hearts,

Love subdued the fidler's daughter;

Jenny to her bonny bairn

Sung the tune that Johnny taught her.

O Johnny,

Blythe and bonny,

O Johnny o'er the water;

Johnny gay,

His pipe wou'd p'ay;

And Jenny sung as Johnny taught her.

## LXIX.

*Written by Captain MORRIS.*

**YOU** ask me, What's Love?---Why, that virtue-  
fed vapour.

Which poets spread over our longings like  
gauze,  
May do for a swain who can feed upon paper;  
But flesh is my diet, and blood is the cause.

A delicate *tendre*, spun into Platonic,  
Suits the feminine fop---whom no beauties in-  
spire;  
But the blood of a Welchman is hot and laconic,  
And he loves as he fights; for his soul's soon  
on fire.

Yet, I grant you, there is a sweet madness of  
passion,  
A raptur'd delirium of mental delight;  
Tho', alas! my dear Madam, not five in the na-  
tion  
Whose souls have an optic to view the blest  
light.

But we speak not of minds of distinguish'd selection,  
But Love, *common* Love, in its earthly attire,  
Which, believe me, when dress'd in this high-flown  
affection,  
Wears the thread-bare disguise of a bankrupt  
desire.

For the bosom's deceit, like the spendthrift's profusion,

As the substance declines rich appearances tries ;  
More gay as more weak, till the splendid delusion  
In a pang of bright vanity dazzles and dies.

Ah ! if in a strain of pure sentiment flowing,  
No animal warmth checks the animal tongue ;  
'Tis the trick of a coxcomb to boast your undoing ;  
And pride, taste, or impotence prompts the foul  
wrong !

For Love, in a tumult of soft agitation,  
O'ercome with its ardour, bids language retire ;  
And, lost in emotions of troubl'd sensation,  
Still breathes the soft accent of silent desire.

Yes, the God's on the wing, when a delicate Da-  
mon  
In sickly composure sits downs to refine ;  
For Love, like a hectic, when weakly the stamen,  
Still brightens the skin as the solids decline.

If such be the love you propose in the question,  
No doubt its a phantom, dressed up by the mind ;  
And, believe me, it is not a substance to rest on,  
But the fraud of cold bosoms and Vanity's blind.

But for me, my dear Madam, a poor carnal sinner.  
Whose love keeps no lent, or on rhapsody starves ;  
With the sharp sauce of hunger I fall to my dinner  
And take, without scruple, what appetite craves.

So

So, my good lady \*\*\*\*, all beauty and merit,  
 You see, tho' I doat on your face and your mind,  
 The devil a grain can I feel of Love's spirit,  
 If looks didn't warrant your shape and your  
 kind.

With this taste you, perhaps, will upbraid my vile  
 nature :

But thus stands the case, and in truth to my  
 theme,  
 Were my mistress the first, both in mind and in  
 features,  
*Unsex* her, and passion would fade like a dream.

As a poet, indeed, I've a license for fiction,  
 To dress in heroics the treacherous heart;  
 But take the sad truth, and excuse the plain dic-  
 tion,  
 For Love moves with me in an honest part.

But, perhaps, you may know something more of  
 the matter ;

Then deign to inform the dull soul of a brute  
 A hint of your mind would most pleasingly flatter ;  
 And to hear it I'd always be willing and mute.



## LXX.

*Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, at the ANACREONTIC.*

*Written by Mr. THOMLINSON.*

**TO** Anacreon in Heav'n, where he sat in full glee,  
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,  
That he their inspirer and patron would be,  
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old  
Grccian:

“ Voice, fiddle, and flute,  
No longer be mute,  
I'll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot,  
And besides, I'll instruct you, like me to entwine,  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

The news thro' Olympus immediately flew;  
When old Thunder pretended to give himself  
airs,

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

The devil a goddess will stay above stairs,

Hark! (already they cry,

In transports of joy)

Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,

And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to in-  
twine,

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,  
 From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee ;  
 Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be ;

My thunder, no fear on't,

Shall soon do its errand,

And damn me, I'll swinge the ringleaders, I war-  
 rant ;

I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine,  
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, " pr'ythee ne'er quarrel

Good king of the gods with my vot'ries below :  
 Your thunder is useless." Then shewing his laurel,  
 Cried, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know,

Then over each head

My laurel I'll spread,

So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall  
 dread,

Whilst, snug in their club-room, they jovially  
 twine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus rose up, with his risible phiz,

And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join ;

" The full tide of harmony still should be his,

But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall  
 be mine.

Then, Jove, be not jealous

Of these honest fellows."

Cried Jove, " we relent, since the truth you now  
 tell us :

And

And swear by old Styx, that they long shall in-  
twine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand ;  
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love :  
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd ;  
You have the sanction of gods, and the fiat of  
Jove.

While thus we agree,  
Our toast let it be,  
May our club flourish happy, united, and free ;  
And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

---

LXXI.

*Written by Mr. ROBSON.*

**MY** heart from my bosom wou'd fly,  
And wander, oh ! wander afar ;  
Reflection bedews my sad eye,  
For Henry is gone to the war !---  
O ye winds ! to my Henry bear  
One drop, let it fall on his breast ;  
The Tear as a pearl he will wear,  
And I, in remembrance be blest.

In vain smiles the glittering scene,  
In vain blooms the roseate flower !  
The sunshine of April's not seen,  
I've only to do with the show'r.  
O ye winds, &c.

Ye

Ye winds that have borne him away,  
 Restore the dear youth to my arms :  
 Restore me to sunshine and day,  
 'Tis night till my Henry returns,  
 O ye winds, &c.

---

 LXXII.

*Written by W. PEARCE, Esq.*

IN this still retirement fair Iris I view'd,  
 Her beauty enchanted her manner subdu'd ;  
 Ineffable sweetness each feature array'd,  
 And the magic of Love in her bright tresses play'd.  
 The fair thus resifless pass'd careless along,  
 Praise follow'd her footsteps and bless'd her in  
     song ;  
 For sure ev'ry virtue adorns that soft breast,  
 Whose Snow gave to Innocence hint for a vest !  
 In what dripping grotto---what blossom-fenc'd  
     bow'r,  
 Sequesters the beauty from noon's burning pow'r ?  
 Assist in the search, O ye gay Village Swains,  
 And the smile on her lip will requite all your pains.  
 But why shou'd I tempt you her charms to behold !  
 Why lure you to bondage with fetters of gold !  
 In love 'tis most pleasing to suffer alone,  
 For the loss of your hearts won't recover my  
     own.

## LXXIII.



## LXXIII.

*Written by* PETER PINDAR, Esq.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,  
 She hides the tender thought in vain,  
 How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,  
 Betray the sweetly-anxious pain !

For thee a mutual flame I own,  
 Thy joy, thy sorrow both are mine ;  
 Thy virtues all my soul have won,  
 That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn,  
 I trust the tear that dims thine eye :  
 I see fair Truth thy lip adorn,  
 And hear her voice in ev'ry sigh.

## LXXIV.

*Imitated from the* PERSIAN ANACREON.

COME, launch my bark in streams of wine ;  
 And as the guggling ruby warms,  
 With joy elate e'en age will shine,  
 And youth irradiate brighter charms.

Boy, quick yon rosy beverage bear,  
 Whose fragrance charms the wine-rapt hour  
 The rose which scents the ambient air,  
 Droops at her rival's gayer pow'r.

Tho'

Tho' poor in worth, tho' flush'd with wine,  
 Yet still to me thy smiles impart ;  
 Then at my fate I'll not repine,  
 While you approve this wandering heart.

In wine the orbit of the day,  
 We view, while midnight moments pass ;  
 As richest wines their charms display,  
 Behold its semblance in the glass.

From where the ruby cask was hung,  
 My roving footsteps heedless stray,  
 For love of all the gay and young,  
 Ah, point again the pleasing way !

Yet quit me not, lest, when no more,  
 My frame they to the earth resign.  
 And when my pulse forgets its pow'r,  
 Then steep me in a cask of wine.

Give to the waves this mass of clay,  
 Where e'er the ruby fluids beam ;  
 Be just to all, old proverbs say,  
 And plunge into the limpid stream.

Since Fortune frowns, ah, sighs my heart,  
 Then string my bow ; and swift as light  
 Or falling stars, its force impart,  
 And drive the fiend to endless night.

## LXXV.

*Written by Mr. LANGDALE.**Tune—Alteration.*

THERE was a jolly vicar, in a county I know  
very well,

Who at preaching, and handling a text, very few  
could him excell ;

He was a staunch friend, both to the king and  
nation.

And he from all who knew him, gain'd admiration.

Admiration, &c.

That he lov'd a blooming lass, there is no doubt,  
For he married a smart charming one, which makes  
it out ;

At first she seem'd content, and happy in her station,  
But at length she began to scold, what a woeful  
alteration.

Alteration, &c.

She'd preach a long loud sermon from morning to  
night,

About trifles or nothing at all, which rob'd him of  
delight ;

In vain it was tried, to coax her into moderation,  
She still went on to vex him more, O what a bo-  
theration,

Botheration, &c.

Finding

Finding it was in vain, such a termigant to reclaim,  
He thought it was his best way, to pursue another  
game;

Good liquor he thought in time might cure his  
vexation,

And his pipe, and his can, and his friend, just  
suited his inclination.

Inclination, &c.

At last his wife was taken ill, and look'd won-  
derful bad.

And when death thought proper to take her away  
he was very glad;

Yet he very decently preach'd her funeral oration.  
Where he declar'd a scolding wife was the worst  
thing in the nation.

In the nation, &c.

Now with his friends and his can, he passes every  
night, Sir,

And says that good liquor, and good company  
must all delight, Sir;

To laugh and to sing, he said, every one might  
upon occasion,

Yet still he advis'd them all to use moderation.

Moderation, &c.

As charity was ever his theme, so it often was his  
text,

And in proving of its goodness and virtue, he  
never was perplex'd;



He said to the poor, the lame, and the sick, we  
should make visitation,  
And there bestow our alms----according to our  
situation.

Situation, &c.

It was a Christian duty, he said, to preserve good  
neighbourhood,  
And to drink and be cheerful, he advis'd every  
one shou'd;  
At length this jolly vicar died (as we all must  
in the nation,)  
Which fill'd all his parishioners with sad lamentation.  
Lamentation, what a woeful lamentation.

---

LXXVI.

*Written by Mr. WADDEN.*

*Tune—The Busy Crew.*

**W**HEN Jack first saw his blooming Polly,  
At Portsmouth when he came on shore ;  
He kiss'd her with a heart quite jolly,  
And that he lov'd her then he swore.  
To prove this true, he rigg'd her gaily,  
With streamers waving from her head ;  
With wine and punch, he treats her daily,  
And with the nicest things she's fed.

For

For gold he values not a feather,  
 If she'll consent to be his wife;  
 The parson shall splice them together,  
 He says, and will be her's for life.  
 To crown his wishes she consented,  
 So to the church they steer'd away;  
 No couple was e'er so contented,  
 They were as blythe as birds in May.  
 Thus joys on each they are bestowing,  
 Jack lives in clover while on shore;  
 But when he finds his money going,  
 Why then he goes to sea for more.

---

 LXXVII.

*Written by G. W. L.*

*Tune—Madam, you know my trade is war.*

SINCE honour calls me to the field,  
 I'm bound to grasp my brazen shield,  
 My spear to hurl, my sword to wield,  
 And Britain's foes to subdue:  
 Ev'n then, when whistling bullets fly,  
 And sulph'rous smoke obscures the sky,  
 Altho' I cannot whine and sigh,  
 I'll fondly think on you.

When adverse troops are rang'd in fight,  
 My bosom burns with fierce delight,  
 I rush, intrepid, to the fight,

“ I long to hack and hue :”

Then Laura, when my foes I've slain,  
 I'll march triumphant o'er the plain,  
 Undaunted brave the stormy main,  
 And fly to joy and you.

And when once more with thee I meet,  
 I'll lead thee to some calm retreat,  
 There lay my trophies at thy feet,  
 And all my love renew :

The pomp of war shall be forgot,  
 My Laura's charms shall grace our cot,  
 And may it be thy soldier's lot  
 To live and die with you.

## LXXVIII.

MARIA, turn, and hear my strain,  
 I'll speak of Love no more ;  
 Tho' once thy heart I hop'd to gain,  
 The fond delusion's o'er.

That heart, with cruel scorn denied,  
 I studied to obtain ;  
 Yet fell, the victim of your pride,  
 And die by your disdain,

## LXXIX.

*Written by J. W.**Tune.—The Lads of Patty's Mill.*

WHERE Nature smiles around,  
 And every landscape's gay ;  
 My Sukey there I found,  
 As blythe as birds in May.

As lovely as the morn,  
 She every sense did fill ;  
 Such beauty did adorn,  
 The Lads near Pollard's Mill.

O! how my panting heart,  
 Beats when I view the fair ;

Kind Nature! void of art,  
 My fancy did ensnare,

Her eyes like stars were bright,  
 Which roll'd with simple skill ;  
 She gives my soul delight,  
 The Lads near Pollard's Mill.

How smiles the fertile vale,  
 Where pleasing flow'rets bloom ;  
 Her breath each passing gale,  
 Gives delicate perfume.

Oh! could I win the fair,  
 I'd try my utmost skill ;

I love her to despair,  
 The Lads near Pollard's Mill.



## LXXX.

*Written by W. COWPER, Esq.*

**T**HE nymph must lose her female friend,  
 If more admir'd than she;  
 But where will fierce contention end,  
 If flowers can disagree.

Within the garden's peaceful scene,  
 Appear'd two lovely foes,  
 Aspiring to the rank of Queen,—  
 The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,  
 And swelling with disdain,  
 Appeal'd to many a poet's page,  
 To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,  
 A fair imperial flower,  
 She seem'd designed for Flora's hand,  
 The sceptre of her pow'r.

This cruel bick'ring and debate,  
 The goddess chanc'd to hear,  
 And flew to save, 'ere yet too late,  
 The pride of the *parterre*.

" Your's

"Your's is," said she, "the noblest hue,  
 "And your's the statelier mien,  
 "And till a third surpasses you,  
 "Let both be deem'd a Queen."

Thus sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks  
 The loveliest British fair;  
 The seat of of empire is her cheeks,  
 They reign united there.

---

## LXXXI.

*Written by Mrs. CLARK.*

WHEN cold indifference chills the breast,  
 The lover sighs in vain;  
 We are deaf to every fond request,  
 Regardless of his pain.

But O! how easy are we won,  
 When Nature does conspire;  
 And aids the lover, then how soon,  
 We catch the trembling fire.

Boldly to frown in vain we try,  
 When love has warm'd the heart;  
 Our eyes still give our tongues the lye,  
 And say 'tis all but art.

LXXXII.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**A** Sailor's life's a life of woe,  
He works now late now early,  
Now up and down, now to and fro',  
What then, he takes it chearly;  
Blest with a smiling can of grog,  
If duty call, stand, rise, or fall,  
To fate's last verge he'll jog,  
The cadge to weigh,  
The sheets belay,  
He does it with a wish,  
To heave the lead,  
Or to cat head,  
The pond'rous anchor fish.  
For while the grog goes round,  
All sense of danger's drown'd,  
We despise it to a man.  
We sing a little,  
And laugh a little,  
And work a little,  
And swear a little,  
And fiddle a little,  
And foot it a little,  
And swig the flowing can.  
If howling winds and roaring seas,  
Give proof of coming danger,  
We view the storm, our hearts at ease,  
For Jack's to fear a stranger.

Blest

Blest with the smiling grog we fly,  
 Where now below,  
 We headlong go,  
 Now rise on mountains high,  
 Spite of the gale,  
 We hand the sail,  
 Or take the needful reef,  
 Or man the deck,  
 To clear some wreck,  
 To give the ship relief.  
 Though perils threat around,  
 All sense of danger drown'd,  
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our case is hard,  
 Tho' storms at sea thus treat us,  
 For coming home, a sweet reward,  
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us;  
 Now too, the friendly grog we quaff,  
 Our am'rous toast,  
 Her we love most,  
 And gaily sing and laugh.  
 The sails we furl,  
 Then, for each girl,  
 The petticoat display,  
 The deck we clear,  
 Then three times cheer,  
 As we their charms survey,  
 And then the grog goes round,  
 All sense of danger drown'd,  
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

LXXXIII.



## LXXXIII.

*A PARODY on the LITTLE PLOUGH-BOY.**Written by G. W. L.*

A Flaxen-headed sifer, as simple as may be,  
 And next a little drummer, I journey'd o'er the lea;  
 But now a saucy corp'ral, I strut in worsted lace,  
 And soon I'll be a serjeant, and wag my jolly face:  
 When captain I'm promoted, I'll break a French-  
 man's head,

And if the rascal whimpers, why then I'll shoot  
 him dead!

When mounted on my horse, fir, so great a man I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little drummer that journey'd  
 o'er the lea.

I'll beat for volunteers, fir, but bribe'em not with pelf,  
 I'll battle for my country, my king, and then myself;  
 Whatever's good for them, fir, I never will oppose,  
 When both my legs are shot off, on stumps I'll  
 charge my foes;

I'll fire upon the enemy, with bullets charm their ears,  
 And when I'm tir'd of fighting, sit down and  
 count my scars;

In war and campaign honour, so great a man I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little drummer that journey'd  
 o'er the lea.

## LXXXIV.

## LXXXIV.

**T**WELVE months are past since on this strand  
In sad distress we parted,  
And as the boat forsook the land,  
The oar my hand deserted.  
My eyes on yours were fondly bent,  
And seem'd their tears to borrow;  
And sure from you a look was sent,  
That well repaid the sorrow.

To bear me quickly from the shore,  
The crew---our grief surviving,---  
With lengthen'd stroke still kept the oar,  
In well-timed measure plying.  
Till distance, and approaching night,  
Your lovely image shaded;  
Yet ever in ideal sight,  
Each beauty rose unfaded.

Oft when the midnight watch I've kept,  
While seas were round us swelling;  
I've fear'd alone the gale that swept  
Too rudely o'er our dwelling.  
But now, my love, no more your breast  
Shall heave with sad emotion,  
I'll strive to make each moment blest,  
Nor tempt again the Ocean!

## LXXXV.

**I**T was a winter's evening,  
And fast came down the snow :  
And keenly o'er the wide heath,  
The bitter blast did blow ;

When a damsel all forlorn,  
Quite bewilder'd in her way,  
Press'd her baby to her bosom,  
And sadly thus did say :

„ O cruel is my father,  
Who shut his door on me,  
And cruel is my mother,  
Who such a fight cou'd see ;

And cruel is the wintry wind,  
That chills my heart with cold ;  
But crueller than all, the lad  
Who left my love for gold.

Hush—hush---my dearest baby,  
And warm thee in my breast :  
Ah ! little thinks thy father  
How sadly we're distress'd ;

For cruel as he is, did he  
But know how now we fare,  
He'd shield us in his arms, from  
This bitter piercing air.

Cold---cold, my dearest jewel,  
 Thy little life is gone !  
 O let my tears revive thee,  
 So warm that trickle down :

My tears that gush so warm ; oh !  
 They freeze before they fall ;  
 Ah ! wretched, wretched mother,  
 Now thou'rt bereft of all !”

Then down she sunk despairing,  
 Upon the drifted snow,  
 And, wrung with killing anguish,  
 Lamented loud her woe :

And kifs'd her baby's pale lips,  
 And laid it by her side ;  
 And cast a look to heaven,  
 Then bow'd her head, and died,

---

LXXXVI.

*Written by I. C. Esq.*

COME lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,  
 And away to the maypole hie ;  
 For every she, has got her a he,  
 And a fidler standing by.

There's Nanny has got her Jack, and Jenny has  
 got her Joe,

To jig it, to jig it, to jig it, to jig it, to  
 and fro.



Strike up, says Wat, agreed, says Kate,  
I pray the, fidler pay ;  
Content, says Hodge, and so, says Madge,  
For this is a holiday :  
Then every man began to foot it round about,  
And every maid did jetty it, jetty it, jetty it, in  
and out.

You're out, says Dick, you lie, says Nick,  
The fidler plays it false :  
So, says Hugh, and so, says Sue,  
And so, says nimble Alice.  
The fidler then began to play the tune again,  
And every maid did trip it, did trip it, did trip it,  
unto the men.

Let's kifs, says Nan, content, says Jane,  
And so says every she ;  
How many, says Nat, why three, says Matt,  
For this is a maiden's fee.  
But they instead of three, did give them half a  
score,  
The men in kindness did give them, did give  
them, did them give, as many more.

Then after an hour, they trip'd to a bower,  
To play for ale and cakes ;  
And kisses too, until they were due ;  
The maidens held the stakes.  
The women then began to quarrel with the men,  
And bid them to take their kisses back, and give  
them their own again.

Thus

Thus they sat until it was late,  
 And tir'd the fidler quite,  
 With singing and playing, without any paying,  
 From morning until night.  
 They told the fidler then, they'd pay him for his  
 play,  
 And each gave two-pence, gave two-pence, gave  
 two-pence, and went their way.

Good night, says Cis, good night, says Priss,  
 Good night, says Harry to Doll,  
 Good night, says John, good night, says Joan,  
 Good night, says every one.  
 Some ran, some went, some stay'd, some tarry'd  
 by the way;  
 Each bound themselves, in kisses twelve, to meet  
 the next holiday.

---

 LXXXVII.

By W. COWPER, Esq.

Tune, *Tweed Side.*

'T WAS in the glad season of spring,  
 Asleep at the dawn of the day,  
 I dreamt what I cannot but sing,  
 So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.  
 I dreamt that an ocean afloat,  
 Far West from fair Albion I sail'd,  
 While the billows high-lifted the boat,  
 And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,

Such at least was the form that she wore,  
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,

Ne'er taught me by woman before.  
She sat, and a shield at her side

Shed light, like a sun, on the waves,  
And smiling divinely, she cry'd——

“ I go to make Freemen of Slaves.”

Then raising her voice to a strain,

The sweetest that ear ever heard,  
She sung of the Slave's broken chain,

Wherever her glory appear'd.  
Some clouds which had over us hung,

Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,  
And methought, while she liberty sung,

'Twas Liberty-only to hear.

Thus, swiftly dividing the flood,

To a slave cultur'd island we came,  
Where a Demon, her enemy, stood,

Oppression his terrible name.

In his hand, as the sign of his sway,

A scourge, hung with lashes, he bore,  
And stood, looking out for his prey

From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But, soon as approaching the land,

That goddess-like woman he view'd

The scourge he let fall from his hand,

With the blood of his subjects embru'd,

I saw

I saw him both sicken and die,  
 And the moment the monster expir'd,  
 Heard shouts which ascended the sky,  
 From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse,  
 On what such a dream might betide?  
 But soon my ear caught the glad news,  
 Which serv'd my weak thoughts for a guide,  
 That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves  
 For the hatred she ever has shewn  
 To the black-scepter'd Ruler of Slaves---  
 Resolves to have none of her own.

---

### LXXXVIII.

*Written by Mr. ROBSON.*

**D**ISTRESS me with these tears no more,---  
 One kiss, my love, and then adieu !  
 The last boat destined for the shore  
 Waits, dearest girl, alone for you,  
 Soon, soon before the light winds borne,  
 Shall I be sever'd from your sight ;  
 You, left the lonely hours to mourn,  
 And weep through many a stormy night.  
 When far along the the restless deep,  
 In trim array, the ship shall steer,  
 Your form, rememb'rance still shall keep ;  
 Your worth, affection still revere.

And



And, with the distance from your eyes,  
 My love for you shall be encreas'd,  
 ---As to the pole the needle lies,  
 And furthest off, still varies least.

While round the bowl the cheerful crew  
 Shall sing of triumphs on the main,  
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,  
 Of you alone shall be my strain.

And when we're bow'd the leagu'ing foe,  
 ---Revengeful of our country's wrong,  
 Returning home, my heart shall shew  
 No fiction grac'd my artless song.

---

LXXXIX.

*Written by Major WALLER.*

LONG had Alcander sigh'd in vain,  
 And felt love's agonizing pain,  
 Nor could Euphrasia then discover  
 By words her torments to her lover,  
 For modesty in both conceal'd  
 What nature wish'd to have reveal'd.  
 Meeting her once by chance in tears,  
 He ventur'd to declare his fears :  
 And ardently he sought to know  
 The source from whence those tears could flow ;  
 For, in a form so heav'nly fair,  
 He thought no grief could harbour there.

Nor

Nor could she then the cause confess,  
 But softly said, look nigh and guess!  
 With fault'ring accent as she speaks,  
 The dew-drops glisten down her cheeks,  
 Whilst he no further could advance,  
 Than just to cast a timid glance.

In dread suspense, the youth espies  
 A tear, just starting from her eyes;  
 He gaz'd, and (what he least expected)  
 The crystal orb himself reflected:  
 With modest vows he own'd his flame,  
 And what he saw he dar'd to name.

With transport next he snatch'd a kiss,  
 And drank the tear, on hearing "Yes!"  
 Reserve at length, was laid aside,  
 Euphrasia made his happy bride:  
 And may no ills their bliss destroy;  
 But, all their tears be tears of joy!

---

XC.

*Written by Mr. JONES.*

*Tune, Despairing beside a clear stream.*

**W**HEN a youth I to roving inclin'd,  
 And laugh'd at each credulous fair;  
 Variety fill'd all my mind,  
 The black and the brown I declare.

Incom-

Inconstancy was my delight,  
 (Ye nymphs do not take it amiss;)   
 'Till Betsy first caught my fond sight,  
 The beautiful Maiden of Dis.

No longer I danc'd on the green,  
 Or join'd with the rustical throng;  
 But silent and seriously seen,  
 I went thoughtful and pensive along.

If I met her by chance in my way,  
 I then was transported with bliss;  
 She'd smile, but alas! would not stay,  
 The beautiful Maiden of Dis.

At last in the neighbouring grove,  
 I saw the delight of my soul;  
 I sigh'd and I told her my love,  
 And she did not my passion controul.

To Hymen's bright altar we went,  
 Hand in hand to partake of the bliss;  
 E'er since I am bless'd with content,  
 And the beautiful Maiden of Dis.

## XCI.

*Written by G. W. L. Jun.*

*Tune, Once the Gods of the Greeks.*

**W**HAT is man, unpossess'd of the permanent joy,  
 Which music and beauty impart?  
 The butt of Apollo---of Venus the toy,  
 And stratagem dwells in his heart:

Could

Could he claim all the wealth that the universe  
yields

Less happy by far would he prove,  
Than the rustic who labours all day in the fields,  
And at night tunes the reed to his love !

Tho' chain'd in a dungeon, I'd smile at my fate,  
And the gloom of misfortune dispel ;  
Would Apollo and Venus but visit my grate,  
And daily enliven my cell :

Tho' fetter'd and bound on a lodging of straw,  
(Would they guard me from sickness and death)  
I'd never repine at the fortune of war,  
Which had robb'd me of liberty's breath !

Heav'n grant me this boon !---May the girl of my  
choice

Be endu'd with a temper serene !  
May the tongue of a fyren inspire her voice,  
And the beauty of Venus her mien !  
Should I reach the bright summit to which I aspire,  
And gain such a prize for my wife,  
I'd ask of Apollo, one string of his lyre,  
Which should bind us together for life !

Then with music and beauty each year would re-  
volve,

And each moment new pleasure unfold !  
Like the honey of Hybla my life would dissolve,  
While I scarce should perceive I grew old ;  
'Till the Stygian monarch, with countenance wan,  
To Elysium my soul should invite ;  
Then I'd sing at death like the Albion swan,  
And bid all my companions---good night !



XCH.

*Written by Mr. SIMPSON.*

*Tune, Polly Ruffel.*

AS yet a youth around I rov'd  
Among the smiling fair,  
I kiss'd, and toy'd, but none I lov'd ;  
My folly I declare :  
'Till one I saw of pleasing mien,  
Not like your flirting madams ;  
Tho' rural, yet she look'd a queen,  
The charming Polly Adams.

Near Swaffam town, and in a vale,  
This rosy maiden tript ;  
Around on hillock, or in dale,  
With wanton lamb kins skipt :  
My heart it bounded in my breast,  
I sought no high-dress'd madams,  
For all my soul I do protest  
Is only Polly Adams.

Ye lovers, who alone can tell  
What torments I endure ;  
Of every art, inform me well,  
To gain the maid secure :  
If truth and tenderness combin'd,  
(Unknown to wealthy madams)  
To church, if she would be inclin'd,  
I'd go, with Polly Adams.

## XCIII.

**T**HE silver moon that shines so bright,  
 I swear with reason is my teacher ;  
 And if my minute glass runs right,  
 We've time to drink another pitcher.  
 It's not yet day, it's not yet day,  
 Then why should we forsake good liquor ;  
 Until the sun beams round us play,  
 Let's jocund push about the pitcher.  
 They say that I must work all day,  
 And sleep at night, to grow much richer ;  
 But what is all the world can say,  
 Compar'd to mirth, my friend and pitcher.  
 It's not yet day, &c.  
 Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,  
 Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her ;  
 Unvex'd I live a chearful life,  
 And boldly call for t'other pitcher.  
 It's not yet day, &c.  
 I dearly love a hearty man,  
 No sneaking milkfop Jemmy Twitcher ;  
 Who loves a lass, and loves a cann,  
 And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.  
 It's not yet day, it's not yet day,  
 Then why shou'd we forsake good liquor ;]  
 Until the sun beams round us play,  
 Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

XCIV.

*Written by Captain MORRIS.*

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing  
bowl,

And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,  
Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for the soul,  
When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,  
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;  
But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of the  
Fair,

The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe !

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,  
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?  
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine  
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess that enamours the heart  
To few is imparted ; to millions deny'd :  
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,  
And fools jest at that for which Sages have dy'd.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my  
doom ;

And well can I speak of its joys and its strife :  
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gleam,  
But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our  
life.

Come

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight  
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul !  
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,  
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl !

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,  
 Nor e'er, jolly God! from thy banquet remove ;  
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine  
 That's mellow'd by Friendship, and sweeten'd  
 by Love.

---

 XCV.

*Written by W. PEARCE, Esq.*

FROM this roof young Willy went,  
 When the lark first left its bed ;  
 Whispering, be my love content,  
 I to distant vales must tread.  
 But when ev'ning's star appears,  
 Thro' the dews I'll seek this spot,  
 Let me kiss away thy tears ;  
 'Tis with grief I leave the cot.

This he said, then strode away,  
 O'er the heathy mountain far :  
 O! to guide him lest he stray,  
 Rise thou blessed evening star !  
 See it beams ! and hark his song !  
 Sweetly to my ear 'tis borne ;  
 Blithe my shepherd trips along,  
 Faithful to his vows at morn !



## XCVI.

*Written by Mr. WOOLLEY.*

**R**OUND Arthur's gay table some love to be  
gambling,

Emptying their purse at their creditors cost,  
While some to the sports of Newmarket love ramb-  
ling

Blundering too oft on the wrong side the post:

But pleasure inviting,

And woman delighting.

My spirits exhale, and enrapture me most,

With these every vapour I chase,

Resisting the Fiend of Despair,

Look Poverty full in the face,

And kick up the crutches of Care.

Ye formal, methodical sons of Sobriety,

Phlegmatic, cold, to festivity coy,

Who ne'er knew the pleasures of mirthful society,

Whose 'larum of life seldom wakes into joy ;

Adieu with such notions ;

For Bacchus's potions

Inspiring good humour far better I prize ;

Go preach up your doctrines elsewhere,

Shake your noddles and seem to look wise,

To me your dull precepts forbear,

Believe me, your cant I despise.

What

What Pope has ascrib'd to the fountain poetical  
Holds good with respect to the grape's purple  
stream,

Maintain it I will against all that are critical,  
Howsoever absurd the contrast may seem :  
With draughts that are shallow,  
Our heads over mellow,

Then snap goes the axis that holds up the brain ;  
But drinking large bumpers inspires  
The animal flow of each vein,  
Rekindles the soul's dying fires,  
And makes us all sober again.

Then take off your bumpers, ye sons of virility,  
So shall you triumph over Bacchus's tun ;  
Be merry, my bucks, and enjoy risibility,  
Happiness rises from laughter and fun,

To make our glass sweeter,  
Our pleasures compleater,  
Dear woman steps in with a look debonair,  
She the waste of Jove's ledger repairs,  
And makes herself kind as she's fair ;  
Her hand most good naturedly tears  
Ev'ry leaf from the volume of Care.

---

XCVII.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer  
Lift ye landsmen all to me,  
Mefs-mates hear a brother sailor,  
Sing the dangers of the sea :

From bounding billows, first in motion,  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,  
 To the tempest troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
 By the top-sail-sheets, and haulyards stand;  
 Down top-gallants quick be hawling,  
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!  
 Now it freshens, set the braces,  
 The top-sail-sheets, now let go,  
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,  
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,  
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;  
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,  
 Safe from all but love's alarms:  
 Round us roars the tempest louder,  
 Think what fears our minds enthrall;  
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail-yards point to the wind boys,  
 See all clear to reef each course;  
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,  
 Tho' the weather shou'd be worse:  
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get,  
 Reef the mizen, see all clear;  
 Hands up, each preventer brace set,  
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,  
 Peal on peal contending clash ;  
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash :  
 One wide water all around us,  
 All above us one one black sky ;  
 Different deaths at once surround us,  
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry.

The foremast's gone ! cries every tongue out,  
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;  
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck :  
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,  
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !  
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,  
 Four feet water in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
 We for wives or children mourn ;  
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,  
 Alas ! from hence there's no return :  
 Still the leak is gaining on us,  
 Both chain pumps are choak'd below ;  
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us,  
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land boys,  
 Let the guns o'er board be thrown,  
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,  
 See our mizen-mast is gone :  
 The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,  
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;  
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,  
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now



Now once more on joys we're thinking,  
 Since kind fortune fav'd our lives;  
 Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking  
 To our sweethearts and our wives:  
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,  
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join;  
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it,  
 None, our dangers drown in wine.

---

 XCVIII.

**Y**OUR wife men all declare  
 Of the things so strange and rare,  
 The globe search round, thro' great Nature's law,  
 A woman bears the bell,  
 And why they cannot tell;  
 'Tis the mystical charms of the Je ne scais quois.

See the Dutchess, Queen of love,  
 The graceful minuet move,  
 What pencil or pen can such beauties draw?  
 Say why each heart is fir'd,  
 And why by all admir'd,  
 For the mystical charms of the Je ne scai quois?

The lovely city dame,  
 Dear cause of many a flame;  
 Each smart swears he ne'er such beauty saw:  
 Say, what the lovers prize,  
 Coral lips, or brilliant eyes?  
 No, the mystical charms of the Je ne scai quois?

Behold

Behold the village maid,  
 By nature's hand array'd,  
 In her stockings green, and her hat of straw  
 Is love in dimples sleek,  
 Or the roses of her cheeks?  
 No, the mystical charms of her *Je ne sçai quoi*.

---

## XCIX.

*Written by G. A. Stevens*

ONCE the gods of the Greeks at ambrosial feast  
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing :  
 Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,  
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing :)  
 On each in the synod the humorist droll'd,  
 So none could his jokes disapprove ;  
 He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,  
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

“ Sire ! Atlas, who long had the universe bore,  
 “ Grows grievously tir'd of late ;  
 “ He says that mankind are much worse than before,  
 “ So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.”  
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,  
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,  
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the  
 world,  
 And she hung it up in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe  
round,

To see what each climate was worth ;  
Like a di'mond the whole with an atmosphere bound,  
And she variously planted the earth :  
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,  
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;  
What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,  
And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,  
As guardians to cherish the root ;  
The blossoms of Liberty 'gan then to smile,  
And Englishmen fed on the fruit :  
Thus, fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,  
O preserve it as free as 'twas given :  
We will while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it in  
death,  
Then return it untainted to heaven.

---

C.

**STAY** Trav'ler, tarry here to night ;  
The rain yet beats,---the wind is loud :  
The moon has too withdrawn her light,  
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.  
'Tis seven miles across the heath,  
And shou'd'st thou chance to go astray,  
Thou'lt meet no shed to hide beneath,  
Nor soul to tell the ready way.

Come

Come, little Madge, our meal prepare,  
 This stranger shall partake the best;  
 A cake and rasher be his fare,---  
 With ale---that makes the weary blest.

Approach the hearth,---there take a place,  
 And till the hour of rest draws nigh,  
 Of Robin Hood and Chevy Chase  
 We'll sing:---then to our pallets hie.

Had I the means, I'd use thee well;---  
 'Tis little I have got to boast;  
 Yet, shou'd'st thou of this Cottage tell,  
 Say Hal the Woodman was thy host.

# CI.

THE moon had clim'd the highest hill,  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the Eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree;  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,  
 Then soft and low a voice was heard  
 Say, Mary weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,  
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
 With pall'd cheek and hallow eye;

“ O Mary



“ O Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
It lies beneath a stormy sea,  
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,  
So Mary weep no more for me.”

“ Three stormy nights and stormy days,  
We tost upon the raging main,  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain:  
E’en then when horror chill’d my blood,  
My heart was fill’d with love for thee,  
The storm is past, and I at rest.  
So Mary weep no more for me.”

“ O maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
We soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt or care,  
And thou and I shall part no more;  
Loud crow’d the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see,  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
“ Sweet Mary weep no more for me.”

---

## CII.

THERE was an old man, and, tho’ it’s not com-  
mon,  
Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman;  
And, tho’ it’s incredible, yet I’ve been told,  
He was once a mere infant, but age made him  
old.

When’er

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,  
 And if he could get it, 'twas said he wou'd eat;  
 When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,  
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever cou'd see without light,  
 And yet I've been told, he cou'd hear in the night;  
 He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,  
 And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he  
 talk'd,

And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he  
 walk'd:

And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd  
 burst,

For one leg or t'other wou'd always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,  
 For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean,  
 He shew'd most his teeth, when he happen'd to  
 grin,

And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his  
 chin.

Among other strange things that beset this good  
 yeoman,

He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a  
 woman;

And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguill'd  
 We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,  
 And then, as folks said, he was not very well ; A  
 But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,  
 As he cou'd not give fees, he cou'd get no phy-  
 sician.

What pity he died, yet 'tis said, that his death  
 Was occasion'd, at last, by the want of his breath ;  
 But, peace to his bones that in ashes now moul-  
 der ;

Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

### CIII.

*Tune, Fal de ral Tit.*

I WAS a flash man of St. Giles,  
 And I fell in love with Nelly Stiles ;  
 And I padded the hoof for many miles  
 To shew the strength of my flame :  
 In the Strand, and at the Admiralty,  
 She pick'd up the flats as they pass'd by,  
 And I mill'd their wipes from their side clye,  
 And then sung fal de ral tit, tit fal de ral,  
 Tit fal de ree, and then sung fal de ral tit !  
 The first time I saw the flaming mot,  
 Was at the sign of the Porter Pot,  
 I call'd for some purl, and we had it hot,  
 With gin and bitters too !  
 We threw off our slang at high and low,  
 And we were resolv'd to breed a row,  
 For we both got as drunk as David's sow,  
 And then sung fal de ral tit, &c.

As we were roaring forth a catch,  
 ('Twas twelve o'clock) we wak'd the watch,  
 I at his jazy made a snatch,  
 And try'd for to nab his rattle!  
 But I mis'd my aim and down I fell,  
 And then he charg'd both me and Nell,  
 And bundled us both to St. Martin's cell,  
 Where we sung *fal de ral tit*, &c.

We pass'd the night in love away,  
 And 'fore justice H ——— we went next day,  
 And because we could not three hog pay,  
 Why we were sent to quod!  
 In quod we lay three dismal weeks,  
 'Till Nell with crying swell'd her cheeks,  
 And I damn'd the quorum all for sneaks;  
 And then sung *fal de ral tit*, &c.

From Bridewell bars we now are free,  
 And Nell and I so well agree,  
 That we live in perfect harmony,  
 And grub and bub our fill!  
 For we have mill'd a precious go,  
 And queer'd the flats at Thrums E, O,  
 Every night in Titmouse Row,  
 Where we sing *fal de ral tit*, &c.

All you who live at your wit's end,  
 Unto this maxim pray attend,  
 Never despair to find a friend,  
 While flats have bit aboard!



For Nell and I now keep a gig,  
 And look so grand, so flash and big,  
 We roll in every knowing rig,  
 While we sing *fa de ral tit, &c.*

## CIV.

**How** stands the glass around,  
 For shame ye take no care, my boys;  
**How** stands the glass around,  
 Let mirth and wine abound,  
 The trumpets sound,  
 The colours they are flying, boys,  
 To fight, kill or wound,  
 May we still be found,  
 Content with our hard fate, my boys  
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,  
 Shou'd we be melancholy, boys;  
 Why, soldiers, why,  
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to die!  
 What, fighting, he!  
 Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,  
 'Tis he, you, or I!  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
 We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis

'Tis but in vain,  
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys ;  
 'Tis but in vain,  
 For soldiers to complain,  
 Should next campaign  
 Send us to him that made us, boys,  
 We're free from pain !  
 But if we remain,  
 A bottle and kind landlady,  
 Cure all again.

---

## CV.

AS sparks fly upwards, man is born  
 To sorrow and to trouble ;  
 But he that takes to him a wife,  
 Doth make his burthen double ;  
 For women we have always found,  
 In strife and mischief to abound :  
 Of man they make a bubble,  
 Of man, &c.

Oh ! Job he was a patient man,  
 He liv'd in spite o'th' Devil ;  
 Tho' goods and chattles all were lost,  
 Yet Job was very civil :  
 But when he took to him a nurse,  
 She prov'd indeed his greatest curse ;  
 Ah ! she prov'd the greatest evil,  
 Ah ! she prov'd, &c.

Oh! Sampson was a mighty man,  
 He fill'd the world with wonder ;  
 With jaw-bones he Philistines slew,  
 His blows did sound like thunder ;  
 But when with Dalilah he toy'd,  
 The fore'refs soon his strength destroy'd ;  
 She quickly brought him under ;  
 She quickly, &c.

King David was an upright, man,  
 I tell to you no fiction,  
 Until that Beersheba he saw,  
 That pretty pleasing vixen,  
 When he her naked body view'd,  
 He found his goodness soon subdued ;  
 She wrought him great affliction,  
 She wrought, &c.

King Solomon was the wisest man  
 That ever try'd with woman ;  
 When he had try'd the set all round,  
 The virtuous and the common,  
 They're all alike he wisely cry'd,  
 Vexation, vanity, and pride ;  
 They merit praise of no man,  
 They merit, &c.

The poor man he goes out to work,  
 As hard as he is able ;  
 At night when he comes home well tir'd,  
 She bids him rock the cradle ;

And

And if the same he doth refuse;  
 The saucy puffs will him abuse,  
 And thumps him with a ladle,  
 And thumps, &c.

The thief that rides up Holborn Hill,  
 To Oliver Cromwell's Palace,  
 May find some friend perchance step in,  
 To save him from the gallows:  
 Oh! no, he cries, drive on to gib,  
 I'll ne'er be slave to my own rib,  
 Drive on the cart good fellows,  
 Drive on, &c.

---

CVI.

A pox on the times,  
 Let 'em go as they will,  
 Tho' the taxes are grown so heavy,  
 Our hearts are our own,  
 And shall be so still,  
 Drink about my boys, and be merry.

Let no man despair,  
 But drive away care,  
 And drown all our sorrow with Claret;  
 We'll never repine,  
 So they give us good wine,  
 Let 'em take all our dross, we can spare it,

We



We value not chink,  
Unless to buy drink,  
Or purchase us innocent pleasure ;  
When 'tis gone, we ne'er fret,  
So we liquor can get,  
For mirth of itself is a treasure.

No miser can be,  
So happy as we,  
Tho' compass'd with riches he wallow ;  
Day and night he's in fear,  
And never without care,  
While nothing disturbs the good fellow,

Come fill up the glass,  
And round let it pass,  
For Nature doth vacuum decline ;  
Drown the spruce formal ass,  
That's afraid of his face,  
We'll drink 'till our noses do shine.

While plenty of this  
We can't do amiss,  
'Tis an antidote against our ruin ;  
And the Lad that drinks most,  
With true spirit may boast,  
He fears neither death nor undoing.

## CVII.

**ASK** me why I send you here

This firstling of the infant year?

Ask me why I send to you

This primrose all be-pearl'd with dew?

I must whisper to your ears,

The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me, why this Rose doth shew

All yellow, green, and sickly too?

Ask me, why this stalk is weak?

And yielding each way, yet not break?

I must tell you, these discover

What doubts and fears are in a lover,

## CVIII.

*A New PARODY on the RACE HORSE.*

**SEE** the ball-room thick crouded, the dance is  
begon,

Near thro' the bright circle, what soft murmurs run,

A thousand gay characters float in the maze,

Lords, gamblers, fine ladies, all keep up the gaze,

While with neck like a swan, and with high  
beating breast,

With waist nicely taper'd, and form'd to be press'd,

Scarcely touching the floor, full of frolic and game,

The elegant fair one first challenges fame.

Now

Now the park's thickly throng'd, the high phaeton see  
 The delicate hunter, gilt coach, vis-a-vis;  
 Each grace, and each charm, ev'ry party displays,  
 And fashion peeps forth, in a thousand sweet  
 ways :

While alike fitly bred, for the ball-room or course,  
 The phaeton to drive, or to curb the fleet horse;  
 By this time fair virtue's an obsolete word,  
 And the elegant fair one is kept by a lord.

Grown stale, somewhat aged, unfit for my lord,  
 Devoid of all passion, her appetite's cloy'd;  
 While beaux and book-swellers, her pedigree trace,  
 Tell whose she has been, from the groom to his  
 grace ;

And what stile she has liv'd in with pleasure count  
 o'er,

As they loiter their time at some bagnio door,  
 While with poverty sunk, and diseases weigh'd  
 down,

The elegant fair one's a girl of the town.

At length from St. James's to Wapping she strays  
 Her blood all polluted, her system decays !

On straw, at some bunter's, she gives up her  
 breath,

Or in some filthy kennel's arrested by death !

Who so lately each pomp, and each gaiety knew,

Is now left a horrible sight to the view ;

Her relics a pitying crowd now behold,

And the elegant fair one to the surgeon is sold.

## CIX.

*Written by D. GARRICK, Esq.*

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,  
 To hills and dales my passion tell,  
 A flame which time can never quell  
 That burns for thee, my Peggy:  
 Yet guittar bards the lyre shall hit,  
 Or say what subject is more fit,  
 Than to record the sparkling wit,  
 And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,  
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,  
 Does not the day so much adorn,  
 As does my lovely Peggy:  
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,  
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,  
 She's not so beauteous as undrest,  
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyrs on the vi'let blows,  
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,  
 He does not half the sweets disclose  
 As does my lovely Peggy.  
 I stole a kiss the other day,  
 And trust me, nought but truth I say,  
 The fragrance of the blooming May  
 Is not so sweet as Peggy.



## [CX.]

*Written by Miss ANNA ROSS.**Tune----Banks of the Dee.*

MY lover expects me hard by in the grove,  
 Each breeze brings a sigh from my swain;  
 The joy of my heart, the youth that I love,  
 Young Reuben, the pride of the plain.

His passion's so pure, all fear I defy,  
 To Peggy he'll never give pain;  
 Not the op'ning of morn is so dear to my eye,  
 As Reuben the pride of the plain.

## [CXI.]

*Written by D. GARRICK, Esq.*

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,

Let Damon urge his claim;

He feels the passion void of art,

The pure, the constant flame.

Though sighing swains their torments tell,

Their sensual love condemn:

They only prize the beauteous shell,

But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,

Destroys the transient fire;

But when the mind receives the dart,

Enjoyment whets desire.

By

By age your beauty will decay,  
 Your mind improves with years;  
 As when the blossoms fade away,  
 The rip'ning fruit appears,

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,  
 And bless the future hour,  
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,  
 May gather every flow'r.

## CXII.

ONE day with my friends all in jollity rise,  
 They ask'd me to prove the true medium of life.  
 Thus closely put to't, I determin'd to try,  
 When I thought that I hit it, between you and I;  
 'Twas punch I averr'd, and I think you will own,  
 Not far from the mark I so much had not flown.  
 Good punch is the liquor as sure as a gun,  
 A bowl of that same and the medium are one:

When lemon and sugar together do meet,  
 The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet,  
 While water and spirits most happily blend,  
 And each from extreme does the other defend;  
 All stir'd up together, the sparkling full bowl  
 Brings smiles on the face from the joy of the soul;  
 With me then you'll join, that as sure as a gun,  
 A bowl of good punch and the medium are one.

Let us, my good friends, be all jolly and gay,  
 The roots without wat'ring will ever decay :  
 So life without liquor must meet a rebuff,  
 Then drink while you may, and make sure of enough,  
 'Twill keep our frail state in a temper that's meet,  
 Contented in taking the sour with the sweet :  
 Hang party and faction, spleen, sorrow, and strife,  
 A brimmer fills up the medium of life.

---

## CXIII.

DAMON *and* FLORELLA.

HE. CAST, my love, thine eyes around,  
 See the sportive lambkins play ;  
 Nature gaily decks the ground,  
 All in honour of the May :  
 Like the sparrow and the dove,  
 Listen to the voice of love.

SHE Damon, thou hast found me long  
 List'ning to thy soothing tale,  
 And thy soft persuasive tongue  
 Often held me in the dale :  
 Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,  
 All which virtue ought to give.

HE. Not the verdure of the grove,  
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r,  
 Nor the meads, where lover's rove,  
 Tempted by the vernal hour,  
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,  
 If Florella is not by.

SHE.

**SHE.** Not the water's gentle fall,  
 By the bank with poplars crown'd,  
 Not the feather'd songsters all,  
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,  
 Can delight Florella's ear,  
 If her Damon is not near.

**BOTH.** Let us love, and let us live,  
 Like the chearful season gay,  
 Banish care, and let us give  
 Tribute to the fragrant May :  
 Like the sparrow and the dove,  
 Listen to the voice of love.

---

CXIV.

**A** Lovely lass to a Friar came,  
 To confess in a morning early,  
 In what, my dear, are you to blame,  
 Now tell to me sincerely?  
 I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,  
 With a man that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,  
 Is what I now discover.  
 You for that crime to Rome must go,  
 And discipline must suffer.  
 Lack-a-day, Sir, if it must be so,  
 Pray send with me my lover.



No, no, my dear, you do but dream,  
 We'll have no double dealing;  
 But if with me you'll repeat the same,  
 I'll pardon your past failing.  
 I must own, sir, but I blush for shame,  
 That your penance is prevailing.

---

 CXV.

AH! Celia, that I were but sure  
 Thy love, like mine, cou'd still endure;  
 That time and absence, which destroy  
 The cares of lovers, and their joy,  
 Cou'd never rob me of that part  
 Which you have given me of your heart.

Others unenvy'd might possess  
 Whole hearts, and boast that happiness:  
 'Twas nobler fortune to divide  
 The Roman Empire in her pride,  
 Than on some low and barb'rous throne,  
 Obscurely plac'd to rule alone.

Love only from thy heart exacts  
 The several debts thy face contracts,  
 And by that new and juster way,  
 Secures thy empire and his sway;  
 Fav'ring but one, he might compel  
 The hopeless lover to rebel.

But

But shou'd he other hearts thus share,  
 That in the whole so worthless are ;  
 Shou'd into several squadrons draw  
 That strength, which kept entire wou'd awe:  
 Men would his scatter'd pow'r deride,  
 And conqu'ring him, those spoils divide.

---

## CXVI.

**A** LASS there lives upon the green,  
 Could I her picture draw !  
 A brighter nymph was never seen,  
 That looks and reigns a little queen,  
 And keeps the swains in awe.

Her eyes are Cupid's darts and wings,  
 Her eye-brows are his bow ;  
 Her filken hair the silver strings,  
 Which sure and swift destruction brings,  
 To all the vale below.

If Pastorella's dawning light  
 Can warm and wound us so ;  
 Her noon will shine so piercing bright,  
 Each glancing beam will kill outright,  
 And every swain subdued.

---

CXVII.

BACCHUS, assist us to sing thy great glory,  
Chief of the gods, we exult in thy story,  
Wine's first projector,  
Mankind's protector,  
Patron to Topers,  
How do we adore thee.  
Wine's first projector, &c.

Friend to the muses, and whet-stone to Venus,  
Herald to pleasures, when wine wou'd convene us;  
Sorrow's phyfician,  
When our condition  
In worldly cares wants a cordial to screen us.  
Nature she smil'd, when thy birth it was blaz'd;  
Mankind rejoic'd when the altars were rais'd:  
Mirth will be flowing,  
Whilst the vine's growing,  
And sober souls at our joys be amaz'd.

---

CXVIII.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

'TWAS in the good ship Rover  
I sail'd the world around,  
And for three years and over,  
I ne'er touch'd British ground;

At

At length in England landed,  
 I left the roaring main,  
 Found all relations stranded,  
 And went to see again.

That time bound strait to Portugal,  
 Right 'fore and aft we bore,  
 And when we made Cape Ortugal,  
 A gale blew off the shore;  
 She lay so it did shock her,  
 A log upon the main,  
 Till sav'd from Davy's locker,  
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,  
 Upon a squally night,  
 Thunder and light'ning hailing  
 The horrors of the fight;  
 My precious limb was lopped off,  
 I, when they eas'd my pain,  
 Thanked God I was not popped off,  
 And went to see again.

Yet still I am enabled  
 To bring up in life's rear,  
 Altho' I'm quite disabled  
 And lie in Greenwich tier;  
 The King, God bless his royalty,  
 Who sav'd me from the main,  
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
 But ne'er to sea again.



## CXIX.

*Written by G. W. L.**(Tune---The Flowing Bowl.)*

**"T**IS wine alone can banish care,  
 And haste the busy mind to rest ;  
 Dispel the phantom of despair,  
 And soothe the lover's throbbing breast.  
 The balmy due of Laura's lip,  
 A cordial sweet is to my soul ;  
 But sweeter is the due I sip  
 From this ambrosial sparkling bowl.  
 When quaffing deep the gen'rons tide,  
 In vain my friend says, " let's away ;"  
 When thro' my brain soft visions glide,  
 'Tis rosy Bacchus bids me stay.  
 Then crown the goblet to the brink,  
 Invoke the ever tuneful Nine ;  
 Like sons of Bacchus let us drink,  
 And mingle friendship with the wine.

## CXX.

*Written by Mr. CLARK.**Tune. Kate of Aberdeen.*

**T**HE morning smil'd serenely gay,  
 Sweet music fill'd the grove ;  
 Bright beam'd the cheerful god of day,  
 And fill'd each breast with love.

The

The lark attun'd his song on high,  
 All nature blythe was seen;  
 A sweeter voice seem'd to reply,  
 'Twas Polly of the green.

My oaten pipe beneath the shade,  
 I tun'd to mirth and glee;  
 She stood and listen'd while I play'd,  
 What charms I then did see:  
 The rosy blush which decks the morn,  
 Upon her cheek was seen;  
 The graces did her form adorn,  
 Dear Polly of the green.

I gaz'd, she smil'd; I smil'd again,  
 With infinite delight;  
 Fond love I found in ev'ry vein,  
 Her form so charm'd my sight;  
 No maid that ever I beheld,  
 Had such a graceful mien:  
 So much she ev'ry one excell'd,  
 Sweet Polly of the green.

Ye pow'rs who rule the realms above,  
 Attend my ardent pray'r;  
 Let Polly to my wishes prove,  
 As kind as she is fair:  
 O! Venus, to my suit incline,  
 As thou art beauty's queen:  
 And let the charming maid be mine,  
 Dear Polly of the green.

CXXI.

**BLOW** high, blow low, let tempests tear  
The mainmast by the board,  
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
And love well stor'd,  
The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
In hopes to be once more  
Safe moor'd with thee.

Blow high, &c.

Aloft while mountains high we go,  
The whistling wind that sends along,  
And the surge roaring from below,  
Shall my signal be, to think on thee,  
And this shall be my song,

Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,  
The memory of their former lives  
O'er flowing canns of flip renew,  
And drink to their sweethearts and their  
wives,

I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,  
And as the ship rolls on the sea,  
The burthen of my song shall be.

Blow high, blow low, &c.

CXXII.

## CXXII.

*Introduced in the performance of the Agreeable Surprise, at LORD SANDWICH's Theatre.*

*Written by a gentleman of Cambridge.*

**A** BLOOMING flower my Chloe chose,  
Her lovely breast to deck,  
Less fragrant than her breath the rose,  
Less beauteous than her cheek.

A bee, attracted by the flow'r,  
The honey flew to sip;  
He left the charmer of an hour,  
And perch'd on Chloe's lip.

Too soon my fair one felt the smart,  
She struck the spoiler down;  
Whilst gentle pity rul'd her heart,  
Rage taught her brow to frown.

"Have mercy, lovely maid," said I---  
"The trembling thief forgive!  
"If all who thee adore must die,  
"O think how few would live!"

## CXXIII.

*Tune---I'm a good hearty fellow.*

**I** WAS a young Shew-boy, and came from Tuke's place.

And was sthand near Shaint Paul's vid a very good grace;

A merchant I am in the most short of ware,  
And vill, ven I can't sheat, deal honest, I sh swear.



Py a roll of pomatum, de besht to be shold,  
 None petter in London, youth ever behold;  
 Den's here's a rollers all cheap for to curl up de  
 hair,

And ven I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, Ish shwear.

I've shealing wax too, vish I vow and protest,  
 Is of right Holland make, and dat sure is de pest;  
 Burns vel, and hounds vast, you vill find I declare;  
 And if I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, Ish shwear.

I have shoice of fine shepectacles, likewise you'll find,  
 Such glasses will make a man she dat is blind;  
 Yet tho' I'm a Shew-poy, I vow and declare,  
 That ven I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, Ish swear.

Bad shillings you vill likewise be round dat Ish buy,  
 And in many more tings, few is equal to I;  
 Ive glafs to try money, if good I declare,  
 And ven I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, Ish shwear.

De pencil I've got made of ferry pest lead,  
 You may try if you plest, I have both black and  
 red;

Den deal vid de Shew-poy, I'll vow and declare,  
 Dat ven I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, Ish shwear.

---

CXXIV.

*Written by Miss CLARK.*

**T**HO' my mother, and aunt, will jeer and will  
 taunt,

And say that my conduct's too free,  
 They may censure and rail, yet they'll never pre-  
 vail,

It has no effect upon me.

While

While time's on the wing, I will laugh, and will  
sing,

Youth's the season for mirth and delight;  
They have each had their day, have been merry  
and gay,

So all that they say is mere spite.

Like the birds in the grove, who chirrup fond  
love,

And sweetly salute ev'ry ear;

I will join in the lay, or like lambkins will play,  
And with rapture each moment will cheer.

Young Collin he sues, I can hardly refuse,

He's so pleasing from morning to night;

Aunt says, he's a cheat, all his courtship deceit,

Yet I know all she says is but spite.

Yet with prudence in mind, no harm I shall find,

And I always will be on my guard;

Not all of his art, shall vex my gay heart,

And to break it, he'll find 'tis too hard;

Should he promise with truth, he will wed, the  
dear youth

I certainly never could slight;

I cannot deny, but most surely comply,

To refuse would be nothing but spite.

# CXXV.

THE virgins who prattle, and sip down their tea,  
As fancy enlarges the mind,

Praise the muffins, the toasts, and the green or  
bohea,

The favourite to which they're inclin'd;

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O

Of

Of Jemmies and Jessamies, then how they clack,  
 How powder'd, how charming they trip,  
 How they smile and they simper, alack, and alack,  
 Sure honey must fall from each lip.

How sweet is the powder that scents in the hair,  
 How sweet is the lip salve they use;  
 How graceful they dance, how delightful their  
 air,

Soft themes for the delicate muse;  
 With raptures they talk of each movement and  
 grace,

And then how they languish and sigh!  
 How the rouge blush which enlivens each face,  
 The dimples, the hair, and the eye.

Then they sing like the prettiest birds in the May,

'Tis charming their warbling to hear;  
 What pleasure to list to their voice the long day,  
 So soft, and so strong, and so clear;

Would Jessamy hasten, how happy I'd be,  
 My passion no longer I'll hide;

'Tis a twelvemonth ago since he simper'd to me,  
 And said, Dolly, I'll make you my bride.

## CXXVI.

*Written by M. C.*

*Tune. Mary's Dream.*

OFt has the piteous tale been told,  
 The tender music inspir'd the pen;  
 Fond mem'ry's record to unfold,  
 And live o'er former woes again:

Secure

Secure had slept within the grave,  
 The youth for whom affection sigh'd,  
 But the rude blast, and swelling wave,  
 Reminds the mourner how he died.

Should evening slumber lull the mind,  
 Still Recollection meets the dawn;  
 The sorrow welcome rest resigns,  
 Rudely revisits in the morn;  
 Some relick gives to mem'ry food,  
 And airy trifles nourish grief;  
 Fondness will trace the theme it lov'd,  
 Defying Time to give relief.

---

CXXVII.

GENTLE love, this hour befriend me,  
 To my eyes resign thy dart;  
 Notes of melting music lend me,  
 To dissolve a frozen heart.  
 Chill as mountain snow her bosom,  
 Tho' I a tender language use;  
 'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen,  
 To my arms and to my muse.  
 See my dying eyes are pleading,  
 Where a broken heart appears,  
 For thy pity interceding,  
 With the eloquence of tears.  
 While the lamp of life is fading,  
 And beneath thy coldness dies,  
 Death my ebbing pulse invading,  
 Take my soul into thy eyes.



## CXXVIII.

*Sung by Miss GEORGE.*

'T WAS near a sea-beat rock reclin'd,  
The beauteous lovelorn Kate ;  
She had no friend to soothe her mind,  
But mourn'd her hapless fate.

Her only love was out at sea,  
Far from his native shore ;  
In tears she wept her sorrows free,  
Lest he return no more.

Thus would she sigh the live-long day,  
For dangers he may prove ;  
While sorrow mark'd her lonely way,  
With firm unshaken love.

Tho' hope oft bade her cares to cease,  
And check'd the falling tear ;  
Yet, ah, in vain the hours of peace,  
Appear'd no longer near.

So droops the primrose in the vale,  
So fades the new-blown-rose ;  
When tempests and rude winds assail,  
Their sweets no more disclose.

Then farewell, Kate, let pity cheer,  
And soothe thee with address ;  
So may each future day appear,  
One scene of happiness.

## CXXIX.

THE bird, that hears her nestlings cry,  
And flies abroad for food,  
Returns, impatient, thro' the sky,  
To nurse the callow brood.

The tender mother knows no joy,  
But bodes a thousand harms,  
And sickens for her darling boy,  
While absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience join'd,  
My faithless bosom fires ;  
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,  
The queen of my desires !

The powers of verse too languid prove,  
All similes are vain,  
To shew how ardently I love,  
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint, with fervent zeal inspir'd,  
For heav'n, and joys divine,  
The saint is not with raptures fir'd  
More pure, more warm than mine.

I take what liberty I dare ;  
'Twere impious to say more ;  
Convey my longings to the fair,  
The goddess I adore.

CXXX.

*Written by Captain MORRIS.*

TROTH, Mister John Bull, you're a pretty  
milch-cow,  
O! what do you think of us volunteers now?  
Sure I told you, the work we kick'd up in the  
State,  
Before it was finish'd would all be complete.  
With my Ballinamona ora, Bellinamona ora,  
Ballinamona ora, the treaty of commerce for me.

Troth, I told you last year, if you call it to mind,  
What we left you before, we would not leave be-  
hind:  
And was'nt I right now, by hook or by crook,  
For all that we left you, is all that we took.  
With Ballinamona, &c.

But 'twas deadly good-natur'd in you, to lay  
down,  
With the wrongs of our trade, all the rights of  
your own!  
'Twas a mighty home stroke of magnanimous  
pride,  
To break your own backs, for the thorn in your  
side!  
With my Ballinamona, &c.

Oh!

Oh ! like fools we despair'd that our terms would  
go down !

Or such sharp propositions, be sweet to the crown :  
Then how pleasing to find your proud stomachs to  
fall !

When we'd thrown 'em up first, that you swal-  
low'd them all !

With Ballinamona, &c.

Sure I heard Master Ord now relate in his place,  
All your bountiful gifts of superfluous grace :  
Jesus ! how we all star'd while he emptied his  
sconce !

To find such a big bag of blessings at once !

With my Ballinamona, &c.

Oh ! the brave British subject ! his looks were so  
sweet,

When he laid down your case and your trade at  
our feet ;

And the comments he made too, the wise little elf,  
To shew us that Britain's no friend to herself !

With my Ballinamona, &c.

Troth it pleas'd him, he said, (could a Britain  
say more ?)

That the trade of your country would shift to our  
shore ;

And that England's disasters had sunk her so low,  
That the tidings he brought us would finish the  
blow !

With my Ballinamona, &c.

'Twould



'Twould have bother'd my head now, the words  
Pitt let fall,

When you gave us so much, you gave nothing at  
all !

But in Dublin I heard his interpreter swear,  
That nothing in England, means every thing  
there !

With my Ballinamona, &c.

But your Minister says, now we've got all we can-  
The two States must be join'd on a permanent-  
plan

By my shoul, he's a joiner of notable cast,  
Who loosens all ties now, to bind us more fast.

With my Ballinamona, &c.

And he says, when all duties and drawbacks are  
paid,

That the navy will want what we make in our  
trade ;

Troth, she will want it all, now he's right on that  
score ;

And she'll want it, God help her, for ever and  
more.

With my Ballinamona, &c.

If you wish now to know how our cards we have  
play'd,

Why we took up our clubs, and we threw down  
our spade ;

So ye dealt us all trumps now for that very thing,  
And so Pam became civil, as well as the King.

---

CXXXI.

**BELINDA**, see from yonder flow'rs,  
The Bee flies loaded to its cell ;  
Can you perceive what it devours,  
Are they impair'd in shew or smell.

So tho' I robb'd you of a kiss,  
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,  
Why are you angry at my bliss,  
Has it at all impoverish'd you ?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,  
In spite of your unkind reserve,  
To keep my famish'd love alive,  
Which you inhumanly wou'd starve,

---

CXXXII.

**BUSY**, curious, thirsty Fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I,  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Cou'dst thou sip, and sip it up ;  
Make the most of life you may,  
Life is short and wears away,  
Life is short, and wears away,  
Life is, &c.

Both

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hast'ning quick to their decline.  
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
 Tho' repeated to threescore;  
 Threescore summers when they are gone,  
 Will appear as short as one,  
 Will appear, &c.

---

## CXXXIII.

**BRITONS**, where is your great magnanimity?

Where's your boasted courage flown?  
 Quite perverted to pusillanimity,  
 Scaree to call yourselves your own.

What your ancestors won so victoriously,  
 Crown'd with conquest in the field;  
 You'd relinquish: and O most ingloriously  
 To oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her flight makes preparative,  
 See her weeping quit the shore;  
 Britain's loss will be then past comparative,  
 Never to behold her more.

Gracious God! to assist exurgitate,  
 Stretch forth thy vindictive hand;  
 Make oppressors their plunder reurgitate,  
 And preserve a sinking land.

## CXXXIV.

CXXXIV.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,  
Believe the heart you've won;  
Believe my vows to you sincere,  
Or Moggy I'm undone.

You say I'm fickle, and apt to change  
At ev'ry face that's new;  
But, of all the girls I ever saw,  
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was but a lump of ice,  
'Till warm'd by your bright eyes;  
But ah! it kindled in a trice  
A flame which never dies.

Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,  
Tho' you say I am not true;  
Of all the girls I ever saw  
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

---

CXXXV.

COME fill me a glass, fill it high,  
A bumper, a bumper, I'll have;  
He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an inch,  
Tho' I drink myself into my grave.

Here's



Here's a health to all those jolly souls,  
 Who like me will ne'er give o'er,  
 Whom no danger controuls, but will take off  
 their bowls,  
 And merrily stickle for more.

Drown reason, and all such weak foes,  
 I scorn to obey her command;  
 Cou'd she ever suppose, I'll be led by the nose,  
 And let my glass idly stand.

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,  
 A foe to the joys of dear drinking;  
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,  
 And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill 'em all, I'll have six in my hand,  
 For I've trifled an age away:  
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand  
 Rolls on and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,  
 We'll drink the universe dry;  
 We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out;  
 If once we grow sober we die

## CXXXVI.

COME follow, follow me,  
 Ye fairy elves that be,  
 Light tripping o'er the green;  
 Come follow Mab your Queen;  
 Hand in hand we'll dance around,  
 For this place is fairy ground.

When

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest;  
 Unhear'd and unespied,  
 Thro' key-holes we do glide;  
 Our tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,  
 With platter, dish, or bowl,  
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
 And find the sluts asleep;  
 Then we pinch their arms and thighs,  
 None us hears and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept,  
 We praise the household maid,  
 And surely she is paid;  
 Every night before we go,  
 We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head,  
 Our table-cloth we spread;  
 A grain of rye or wheat,  
 The diet that we eat;  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
 With unxious fat of snails,  
 Between two cockles stew'd,  
 Is meat that's easy chew'd;  
 Brains of worms, and marrow of mice,  
 Do make a feast that's wond'rous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
 Serve for our minstrelsy ;  
 Grace said, we dance awhile,  
 And so the time beguile ;  
 But if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.  
 O'er tops of dewy grass  
 So nimbly we do pass,  
 The young and tender stalk  
 Ne'er bends where we do walk ;  
 Yet in the morning may be seen  
 Where we the night before have been.

---

## CXXXVII.

BY the ladies I oft' have been charg'd with neg-  
 lect,

For the bottle they vow I have greater respect :  
 They carp at my conduct, my words they in-  
 twine,

Miss Betsy they cry up, but down with my wine.  
 I sometimes must own they my spirits perplex,  
 But, say what they will, I adore the dear sex ;  
 Love and truth is the motto of Cupid's great shine,  
 But Bacchus's motto is mirth, love, and wine.

Give reason but room, take a moment to think  
 How insipid's the lover who never could drink ;  
 But let him once taste the ripe juice of the vine,  
 He'll soon be convinc'd of the force of good wine.

Observe

Observe me, ye fair, I'll this maxim ne'er scan,  
 I'll be the true lover, but keep up the man;  
 What's wine without love? let your sages define,  
 Or tell me, ye lovers, what's love without wine?

Grave prudes they may rail, and all, wond'ring,  
 declare

How vulgar and drunken the fellows all are,  
 But, under the rose, I a truth must define,  
 The hussies themselves love a bumper of wine.  
 Nor is he the lover, when Chloe does frown,  
 Who runs to the brook with intention to drown;  
 Now my way's another, all must approve mine,  
 For, if I must drown, it shall be in good wine.

Give me love as it's meant, and I care not a straw,  
 Of the same give me wine, and in neither a flaw,  
 Since love was the great and creative design,  
 So to heighten that love was sent us good wine;  
 Say why should one blessing another annoy,  
 Since each was design'd us in turn to enjoy;  
 Let the puny tame lover for beauty repine,  
 No love is like that that's inspir'd by good wine.

---

### CXXXVIII.

*Written by Mr. SHENSTONE.*

TO thee, fair freedom, I retire,  
 From flatt'ry, feasting, dice, and din;  
 Nor art thou found in domes much higher  
 Than the low cot or humble inn.



'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign,  
 And every health, when I begin,  
 Converts dull port to bright champaign,  
 For freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from state;  
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin:  
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
 And chuse my lodging at an inn.  
 Here, waiter, take my fordid ore,  
 Which lacquies else might hope to win,  
 It buys what courts have not in store;  
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

And now once more I shape my way  
 Thro' rain or snow, thro' thick and thin,  
 Secure to meet at close of day,  
 A kind reception at an inn.  
 Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,  
 Whoe'er his various tour has been,  
 May sigh to think how oft he found,  
 His warmest welcome at an inn.

---

CXXXIX.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,  
 To escape from her charms, and to drown 'em in  
 wine:  
 I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,  
 The wine in my head, but still love in my heart.

I repair'd

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,  
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance  
 weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,  
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth reply'd I, I've no need to be taught  
 I came for your counsel to find out a fault :

If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,  
 To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.  
 What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,  
 While like lightning she darts thro' each throbbing  
 vein,

My senses surpriz'd in her favour took arms,  
 And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

CXL.

**T**O make the most of fleeting time,

Should be our great endeavour ;

For love we both are in our prime,

The time is now or never.

A thousand charms around you play,

No girl more bright or clever ;

Then let us both agree to-day,

To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,

I burn with Love's high fever ;

Pray now be kind, I know you can ;

You must not answer never.

Whilst thus you Chloe turn aside,  
 You frustrate my endeavour;  
 That face will fade, come down that pride,  
 Your time is now or never.  
 E're for yourself or me too late,  
 Say now you are mine for ever;  
 I may be snatch'd by care or fate,  
 My time is now or never.

---

## CLXI.

**S**HEPHERDS I have lost my love,  
 Pray have you seen my Anna,  
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,  
 Upon the banks of Banna.  
 I for her my home forsook,  
 Near yon misty mountain,  
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.  
 Never shall I see them more,  
 Until her returning,  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

---

## CXLII.

**M**Y Jemmy is crossed quite over the main,  
 And I fear I shall never behold him again,  
 Ye powers above grant me but his charms,  
 And send my Jemmy safe home to my arms.

Ye pretty little warblers that sing thro' the grove  
 Convey me this letter to the arms of my love,  
 To ease my fond heart, with all sorrow oppress'd,  
 I am weary of roving, and can take no rest.

'Tis down in yonder valley I'll make him a cave  
 The sweetest of jewels my Jemmy shall have,  
 With the pinks and sweet violets I'll make him a  
                   bed,  
 And a garland of roses to crown my Jemmy's  
                   head,

All this I'll go thro' for my sweet Jemmy's sake,  
 I'll be guardian unto him till he does awake;  
 When day-light appears, we will merrily sing,  
 Here's a health to young Jemmy, and long live  
                   the king.

---

 CXLIII.

**G**UARDIAN angels now protect me,

Send, ah! send the swain I love,

Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,

Lead me thro' the myrtle grove:

Bear my sighs soft floating air,

Say I love him to despair,

Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,

For him alone I wish to live.

Midst secluded dells I'll wander,

Silent as the shades of night,

Near some bubbling rill's meander,

Where he first has blest my sight.

There



There to weep the night away,  
 There in sighs to waste the day,  
 Think fond youth what vows you swore,  
 And must I never see thee more?

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,  
 Deep in some sequester'd vale,  
 There with mournful cadence swelling,  
 Oft repeat my love-sick tale.  
 And the Lark and Philomel,  
 Oft shall hear a virgin tell,  
 What's the pain to bid adieu,  
 To joy, to happiness, and you.

---

 CXLIV.

COME thou rosy dimpled boy,  
 Source of every heart-felt joy,  
 Leave the blissful powers awhile,  
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle,  
 Visit Britain's rocky shore.  
 Britons do thy power adore,  
 Britons hardy, bold, and free,  
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee,  
 Source of every heart-felt joy,  
 Come thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,  
 This is thine and Hymen's day,  
 Bid her thy soft bandage wear,  
 Bid her for love's rites prepare.

Let]

Let the nymphs with many a flower,  
 Deck the sacred nuptial bower,  
 Thither lead the lovely fair,  
 And let Hymen too be there.

    This is thine and Hymen's day.

    Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live;  
 Love alone can pleasure give,  
 Pomp and power, and tinsel state,  
 Those false pageants of the great,  
 Crowns and sceptres, envied things,  
 And the pride of eastern kings,  
 Are but childish empty toys,  
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys.

    Love alone can pleasure give,

    Only while we love we live.

---

CXLV.

**BALOW** my boy, lye still and sleep,  
 It grieves me fore to hear thee weep;  
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad:  
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
 Thy father bred me great annoy.

    Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,

    It grieves me fore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,  
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;  
 But smile not as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids; nay, God forbid;  
 For in thine eye his look I see,  
 The tempting look that ruined me.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,  
 And with his fugar'd words to move,  
 His tempting face and flatt'ring chear,  
 In time to me did not appear:  
 But now I see that cruel he  
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.  
 Balow my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,  
 That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;  
 Let never any after me,  
 Submit unto thy courtesy,  
 For, if they do, O! cruel thou,  
 Wilt her abuse and care not how.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too credulous at the first,  
 To yield thee all a maiden durst;  
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd my love:  
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,  
 Thy love's no more thy promise nought.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

I will

I wish I were a maid again,  
 From young men's flattery I'd refrain,  
 For now unto my grief I find,  
 They all are perjur'd and unkind ;  
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms,  
 Witness my babe lies in my arms.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,  
 That I must needs be now a nurse,  
 And lull my young son on my lap,  
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap:  
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild  
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee ;  
 Nor pity her deserved smart,  
 Who can blame none but her fond heart ;  
 For, too soon trusting latest finds  
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
 When he the thirstless son has played ;  
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he  
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me,  
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine  
 Make him eat acorns with the swine,

Balow, my boy, &c.



But curse not him, perhaps now he,  
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:  
 Perhaps at death, for who can tell  
 Whether the Judge of Heav'n and Hell,  
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,  
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds  
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,  
 Repeating as he pants for air,  
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair.  
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
 But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c,

---

CXLVI.

**DIogenes** surly and proud,  
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,  
 Delighted in wine that was good,  
 Because in good wine there is truth:  
 But growing as poor as was job,  
 And unable to purchase a flask,  
 He chose for his mansion a tub,  
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

**Heraclitus** ne'er wou'd deny,  
 To tipple and cherish his heart,  
 And when he was maudling, wou'd cry,  
 Because he had emptied his quart;

Tho'

Tho' some are so foolish to think.  
 He wept at men's follies and vice,  
 When 'twas only his custom to drink,  
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad  
 Of a bumper to chear up his soul,  
 And would laugh like a man that was mad,  
 When over a full flowing bowl;  
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,  
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
 And when he was drunk as a lord,  
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the rest,  
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,  
 And thought that a cup of the best  
 Made reasom the brighter to shine;  
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
 And made his philosophy reel,  
 Then fancied the world, like his brains,  
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,  
 Had been but a dunce without wine;  
 And what we ascribe to his parts,  
 Is due to the juice of the vine,  
 His belly, some authors agree,  
 Was big as a watering trough;  
 He therefore leapt into the sea,  
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato, that learned divine.  
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;  
 But had it not been for good wine,  
 His merits we ne'er shou'd have known:  
 By wine we are gen'rous made,  
 It furnishes fancy with wings,  
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had  
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

---

## CXLVII.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am,  
 Or better than the rest;  
 For I wou'd change each hour, like them,  
 Were it my interest.

But, I am ty'd to very thee,  
 By every thought I have;  
 Thy face I only care to see,  
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,  
 In thy dear self I find;  
 For the whole sex can but afford  
 The handsome, and the kind.

Why then shou'd I seek farther store,  
 And still make love a-new:  
 When change itself can give no more,  
 'Tis easy to be true.

## CXLVIII.

---

CXLVIII.

**H**ow tormenting's the anguish,  
When the fair pine and languish,  
And too soon their indulgence discover !  
If the nymph is complying,  
The swain ceases dying,  
And the warmth of his passion is over.  
The best way to charm him,  
Is with fears to alarm him,  
To keep him in awe, and at distance :  
By making him jealous  
She makes him more zealous,  
And secures him her slave by resistance.

---

CXLXIX.

**P**R'YTHEE, Billy,  
Be'n't so silly,  
Thus to waste thy days in grief:  
You say, Betty  
Will not let ye ;  
But, can sorrow give relief ?  
Leave repining,  
Cease your whining,  
Pox on torment, grief, and woe ;  
If she's tender,  
She'll surrender ;  
If she's tough ——— e'en let her go.



## CL.

MY lodging it is on the cold ground,  
 And very hard is my fare;  
 But that which troubles me most is  
 The unkindness of my dear:  
 Yet still I cry, oh turn, love,  
 And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me;  
 For thou art the man that I long for,  
 And, alack! what remedy?  
  
 I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,  
 And I'll marry thee with a rush ring;  
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,  
 And merrily we will sing;  
 Oh turn to me, my dear love,  
 And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me  
 For thou art the man that alone can't  
 Procure my liberty.  
  
 But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,  
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan;  
 Then I must endure the smart still,  
 And tumble in straw all alone:  
 Yet still I cry, oh turn, love;  
 And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me;  
 For thou art the man, that alone art  
 The cause of my misery.

## CLI.

*Written by Sir JOHN MOORE, Bart.*

O, GEORGE! I've been, I'll tell you where,  
 But first prepare yourself for raptures;  
 To paint this charming heavenly fair!  
 And paint her well, would ask whole chapters.  
 Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,  
 With lovely shapes and angel faces;  
 But I have seen them all outdone,  
 By this sweet maid, at Aylesbury races.

Lords, Commoners, alike she rules,  
 Takes all who view her by surprise;  
 Makes e'en the wisest look like fools,  
 Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wise.

Her shape---'tis elegance and ease,  
 Unspoil'd by art, or modern dress,  
 But gently tap'ring by degrees,  
 And finely, "beautifully less!"

Her foot---it was so wonderful small,  
 So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,  
 The buckle fairly hid it all,  
 And seem'd to sink it with the weight.

And just above the spangled shoe,  
 Where many an eye did often glance;  
 Sweetly retiring from the view,  
 Two slender ancles were seen by chance.

And then she dances---better far,  
 Than heart can think, or tongue can tell ;  
 Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,  
 E'er mov'd so graceful, and so well.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,  
 True as the echo to the sound ;  
 She seems as thro' the dance she skims,  
 To tread on air, and scorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,  
 One glance alone might well inspire  
 The clay-cold breast of apathy,  
 Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And zephyr on her lovely lips,  
 Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses ;  
 And there his heavenly nectar sips,  
 And there in breathing sweets reposes.

And there's such music when she speaks,  
 You may believe me when I tell ye,  
 I'd rather hear her than the squeaks,  
 Or far-fam'd squalls of Gabrielli.

And sparkling wit, and ready sense,  
 In that fair form with beauty vie ;  
 But ting'd with virgin diffidence,  
 And the soft blush of modesty.

Had I the treasures of the world,  
 All the sun views, or the seas borrow;  
 (Else may I to the De'il be hurl'd)  
 I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as the bards reap only bays,  
 Nor much of that, tho' nought grows on it,  
 I'll beat my brains to sound her praise,  
 And hammer them into a sonnet.

And if she deign one charming smile,  
 The blest reward of all my labours,  
 I'll never grudge my pains or toil,  
 But pity the dull 'squires, my neighbours.

---

CLII.

*Written by the SAME.*

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,  
 Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,  
 Pity the sorrows I endure,  
 The cause---I must not---dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys---  
 That rends my heart---that checks my tongue  
 I fear will last me all my days,  
 But feel it will not last me long.

CLIII.



## CLIII.

**Y**E lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret,  
 Releas'd from the trouble of thinking,  
 A fool long ago, said we nothing could know;  
 The fellow knew nothing of drinking.  
 To pore over Plato, or practice with Cato,  
 Dispassionate dunces might make us;  
 But men, now more wise, self-denial despise,  
 And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the Doctor approach,  
 He solemnly up the stairs paces;  
 Looks grave---finells his cane---applies finger to  
 vein,

And counts the repeats with grimaces;  
 As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at  
 stand---

A tofs up which party shall take us.  
 Away with such cant---no prescription we want,  
 But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,  
 While misers 'midst plenty are pining;  
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,  
 We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.  
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime, tofs a bottle to time,  
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us;  
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,  
 By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

What

What work is there made, by the news-paper trade,  
 Of this man's and t'other man's station!  
 The inns are all bad, and the outs are all mad;  
 In and out is the cry of the nation.  
 The politic matter which both parties chatter,  
 From bumpering freely shan't shake us:  
 With half-pints in hand, independent we'll stand  
 To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well tim'd; be all charg'd and  
 all prim'd;  
 Have a care---right and left---and make ready.  
 Right hand to glass join---at your lips rest your  
 wine;  
 Be all in your exercise steady.  
 Our levels we boast, when our women we toast;  
 May graciously they undertake us!  
 No more we desire---so drink and give fire,  
 A volley to beauty and Bacchus.

---

 CLIV.

**Y**OUNG I am, and yet unskill'd  
 How to make a lover yield;  
 How to keep, or how to gain;  
 When to love, and when to feign.  
 Take me, take me, some of you,  
 While I yet am young and true;  
 Ere I can my soul disguise,  
 Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay

Stay not till I learn the way,  
How to lye, and to betray :  
He that has me first is blest,  
For I may deceive the rest.

Cou'd I find a blooming youth,  
Full of love and full of truth ;  
Brisk, and of a janty mien,  
I shou'd long to be fifteen.

---

CLV.

LIBERTY HALL,

*By the* EARL of DERBY.

OLD Homer ! but with him what have we to do ?  
What are Grecians, or Trojans to me or to you ?  
Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke,  
Choice spirits assist me, attend hearts of oak.

Derry down.

Sweet peace, belov'd handmaid of science and art,  
Unanimity take your petitioner's part ;  
Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do---  
But first, may it please ye---my service to you.

Derry down.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,  
Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink ;  
There are many fine toasts, but the best of them  
all

Is the toast of the times, that is Liberty Hall.

Derry down.

That

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd,  
 Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta is nam'd;  
 Independency came at Integrity's call,  
 And form'd the front pillars of Liberty Hall.

Derry down.

This manor our forefathers bought with their  
 blood,

And their sons, and their sons sons have prov'd  
 their deeds good;

By that title we live, by that title we fall,  
 For life is not life out of Liberty Hall.

Derry down.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,  
 Playing right in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold,  
 Truth beams on her breast; see at loyalty's call,  
 The genius of England in Liberty Hall.

Derry down.

Ye sweet smelling courtlings in ribbon and lace,  
 The spaniels of pow'r, and bounty's disgrace,  
 So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,  
 'Twas passive obedience lost Liberty Hall.

Derry down.

But when Revolution had settled the crown,  
 And natural reason knock'd Tyranny down,  
 No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,  
 The doors were thrown open of Liberty Hall.

Derry down.

See



See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,  
 Her standard is Justice, her watch-word, be Free;  
 Our King is our countryman, Englishmen all,  
 God bless him, and bless us in Liberty Hall.

Derry down.

*On vere is des all?*---Monfieur wants to know:  
 'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainebleau:  
 'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,  
 For Liberty Hall is an Englishman's Heart.

Derry down.

# CLVI.

**G**ENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,

Vapour from a secret fire;

Which by thee itself discovers,

Ere yet daring to aspire.

Softest note of whisper'd anguish,

Harmony's refined part,

Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,

Full upon the listner's heart.

Safest messenger of passion,

Stealing thro' a croud of spies;

Who constrain the outward fashion,

Close the lips, and guard the eyes.

Shapeless sigh, we ne'er can show thee;

Form'd but to assault the ear;

Yet, ere to their cost they know thee,

Every nymph may read thee---here.

# CLVII.

## CLVII.

**F**ORTH from my dark and dismal cell,  
 Or from the dark abyfs of Hell,  
 Mad Tom is come to fee the world again,  
 To fee if he can cure his diftemper'd brain.

Fears and cares opprefs my foul,  
 Hark! how the angry furies howl?  
 Pluto laughs, and Proferpine is glad,  
 To fee poor angry Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the world I wander night and day,  
 To find my ftragglng fenses;  
 In an angry mood I met old Time,  
 With his Pentateuch of tenfes.

When me he fpies away he flies,  
 For Time will ftay for no man;  
 In vain with cries I rend the fkyes,  
 For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortlefs I lie,  
 Help! help! or elfe I die!  
 Hark! I hear Apollo's team,  
 The carman 'gins to whistle;  
 Chafte Diana bends her bow,  
 And the boar begins to briffle.

Come Vulcan, with tools and with tackle;  
 And knock off my troublesome shackle;  
 Bid Charles make ready his wain,  
 To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the Dog-star bark;  
 Mars met Venus in the dark;  
 Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,  
 And furiously made at the God of War,

Mars with his weapons laid about;  
 Limping Vulcan had got the gout;  
 His broad horns did so hang in his light,  
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright,

Mercury, the nimble post of Heaven,  
 Stood still to see the quarrel:

Gorrel-belly'd Bacchus, giant-like,  
 Bestrid a strong-beer barrel;

To me he drank whole butts,  
 Until he burst his guts,

But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor Tom is very dry,  
 A little drink for charity.

Hark! I hear Aëteon's hounds,

The huntsmen whoop and hollow;

Kingwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,

All the Chace do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks claret,

Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot;

But a cup of Malaga Sack,

Will fire the bush at at his back.

CLVIII.

**FREEDOM** is a real treasure,  
Love a dream all false and vain;  
Short, uncertain is the pleasure.  
Sure and lasting is the pain.

A sincere and tender passion  
Some ill Planet over-rules;  
Ah! how blind is inclination,  
Fate and Women doat on fools.

---

CLIX.

**GENTLY** touch the warbling lyre,  
Chloe seems inclined to rest;  
Fill her soul with fond desire,  
Softest notes will sooth her breast:  
Pleasing dreams assist in love;  
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,  
(Nature's verdant velvet bed,)  
Beauteous flow'rs meet the eyes,  
Forming pillows for her head:  
Zephyrs waft their odours round,  
And indulging whispers sound.



## CLX.

GREAT God of sleep, since it must be,  
 That we must give some hours to thee,  
 Invade me not while the free bowl  
 Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul;  
 That be my only time to snore,  
 When I can laugh, and drink no more;  
 Short, very short be then thy reign,  
 For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But, O! if melting in my arms,  
 In some soft dreams with all her charms,  
 The nymph belov'd shou'd then surprise,  
 And grant what waking she denies;  
 Then, gentle slumber, prythee stay,  
 Slowly, ah! slowly bring the day;  
 Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,  
 Such sweet delusions of real joy.

## CLXI.

FAIREST isle, all isles excelling,  
 Seat of pleasures and of loves;  
 Venus here will chuse her dwelling,  
 And forsake her Cyprian groves.  
 Cupid from his fav'rite nation,  
 Care and envy will remove;  
 Jealousy, that poisons passion,  
 And despair that dies for love.

Gentle

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,  
 Sighs that blow the fire of love ;  
 Soft repulses, kind disdaining,  
 Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,  
 Grateful every nymph shall prove;  
 And as these excel in beauty,  
 Those shall be renown'd for love.

## CLXII.

**H**OW can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly flight,  
 A Swain who is wretched, when banish'd your sight;  
 Who for your sake alone thinks life worth his care,  
 But which soon, if you frown on, must end in despair.

If you meant thus to torture, O why did your eyes,  
 Once express so much softness, and sweetly surprise;  
 By their lustre inflam'd, I cou'd not believe,  
 As they had such mild influence, they e'er wou'd  
 deceive.

But, alas! like the pilgrim bewilder'd in night,  
 Who perceives a false splendor at distance invite:  
 Overjoy'd he hastes on, pursues it and dies;  
 A like ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

O forget not the raptures you felt in my arms,  
 When you call'd me dear angel, and unveil'd all  
 your charms;

When you vow'd lasting love, and swore with a kiss,  
 That in my fond embraces was center'd all bliss.

Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that woe  
 Will, like sickness neglected, more desperate grow;  
 That your heart may relent, I implore the kind  
                   pow'rs,  
 Since I'm inconstant as your sex, be not fickle as  
                   our's.

## CLXIII.

A Nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray'd,  
 The Swain has been jilted, the nymph been betray'd  
 Their intent was to try if his Oracle knew  
 E'er a Nymph that was chaste, or a swain that  
                   was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like to have been pos'd;  
 But sagely, at length, he this secret disclos'd;  
 He alone won't betray in whom none will confide  
 And the Nymph may be chaste that has never  
                   been try'd.

## CLXIV.

How hard is the fate of all womankind,  
 For ever subjected, for ever confined;  
 Our parents controul us, until we are wives;  
 Our Husbands enslave us the rest of our lives.  
 If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,  
 But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;  
 Deny'd ev'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,  
 We're blam'd if we're kind, and condemn'd  
                   if we're coy.

## CLXV.

## CLXV.

**YOUNG** Colin seeks my heart to move,

And sighs and talk so much of love,

He'll hang or drown I fear it.

Of pangs and wounds, and pointed darts,

Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts,

I vow I cannot bear it.

I vow, &c.

He says I'm pretty, mighty well,

And witty too---that's better still,

And sensible I swear it :

But words we know are nought but wind,

Unless he'll freely tell his mind,

I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blythe and gay,

And sweetly on his pipe can play :

I own I like to hear it :

But downcast looks, and hums and has,---

So finely plead the lover's cause,

I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain,

Would build the bashful boy speak plain,

I'd wed him, I declare it :

Then pluck up courage like my sex,

The honest youth no more I'll vex,

I vow I do declare it.



## CLXVI.

**T**'OTHER day, as I sat in the sycamore shade,  
 Young Damon came whistling along,  
 I trembl'd, I blush'd, a poor innocent maid,  
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue,  
 Silly heart, I cry'd fye, what a flutter is here,  
 Young Damon intends you no ill;  
 The shepherd so civil, you've nothing to fear,  
 Then prithee, fond urchin, lie still.  
 My Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet  
 One kiss he demanded, no more;  
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardor so sweet,  
 I could not deny him a score;  
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever  
 found,  
 As often we've play'd on the hill;  
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop  
 round,  
 Nor would the fond urchin be still.  
 When from the bright sun to the sycamore shade,  
 For shelter I'm sure to repair;  
 And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,  
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there.  
 At every fond kiss that with freedom he takes  
 My heart may rebound if it will,  
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,  
 I'll die ere I bid it be still.

## CLXVII.

## CLXVII.

**H**ARK the boatswain hoarfely bawling,  
 By topfai! sheets and hall yards stand,  
 Down your topfai!s quick be hawling,  
 Your stay fairs quickly hand boys hand,  
 Quick set the braces do'nt make wry faces,

Your topfai! sheets let go let go.

Starboard here, tol de ra,

Larboard there, tol de ra,

Turn your quid, take a swear,

Then Yeo, Yeo, Yeo.

As the ship goes so time passes,

Life's too short to lose a day,

Charge your guns boys fill your glasses,

For the ship is under way.

See how she rolls, heave the lead sound the howls

Mark above water how she goes.

Damn fear, 'tis all a notion,

When our time's come we must go,

Ne'er mind the billows motion,

When the ship heaves to and fro,

See how she rolls, &c.

I do as a sailer should do,

When a cann of grog's in the way,

But now 'tis time for to leave off,

For I can no longer stay,

The French and the Spaniards may please us,  
 With their music and such sort of stuff,  
 But we Britons have tipt them loud thunder,  
 While the French have thought music too rough,  
 See how she rolls, &c.

## CLXVIII.

COME my jolly lads, the wind's abaft,  
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd,  
 Come bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,  
 Haul the boat, the boatswain pipes aloud,  
 The ships unmoor'd,  
 All hands on board,  
 The rising gale,  
 Fills every sail,  
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd,  
 Then sling the flowing bowl,  
 Fond hopes arise,  
 The girls we prize,  
 Shall bless each jovial soul;  
 The cann boys bring,  
 We'll drink and sing,  
 While foaming billows roll,  
 Tho' to the Spanish coast  
 We're bound ro steer,  
 We'll still our rights maintain,  
 Then bear a hand, be steady boys,  
 Soon you'll see,  
 Old England once again:

From

From shore to shore,  
 While cannons roar,  
 Our Tars shall show,  
 The haughty foe,  
 Britannia rules the main.

---

## CLXIX.

NOW we're free from college rules,  
 And systems out of season;  
 From lumber of the lying schools,  
 And syllogistic reason:  
 We never more will have defin'd,  
 If matter thinks or thinks not;  
 All the matter we shall mind,  
 Is he who drinks or drinks not.  
 Metaphysically to trace  
 The mind or soul abstracted;  
 To prove infinity of space,  
 By cause and cause effected;  
 Better souls we can become,  
 By immaterial thinking;  
 And, as for space, we want no room,  
 But room enough to drink in,  
 Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,  
 Are learned words, and rare too;  
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,  
 And those who please may hear too:

We



We plenum in our glasses shew,  
 With plus and plus behind, fir,  
 And when our cash runs minus low,  
 A vacuum then we find, fir.

Newton talks of lights and shades,  
 And different colours new, fir;  
 But let not that disturb your heads,  
 We need but study two, fir:

Both white and red, our glasses boast,  
 Reflection and refraction,  
 And after him we'll take our toast,  
 The center of attraction.

Upon this thesis we'll declaim,  
 With stratum super stratum,  
 There's magic in the mighty name,  
 'Tis nature's postulatum:

Wine in nature's next to love,  
 Then wisely let us blend 'em,  
 And metaphysically prove,  
 Nunc tempus est bibendum.

---

CLXX.

*Written by Mr. PRIOR.*

**F**AIR Kitty beautiful and young,  
 And wild as co't untam'd,  
 Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,  
 With little rage inflam'd;

Inflam'd

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,  
Which wise mamma ordain'd;  
And sorely vex'd to play the faint,  
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Must lady Jenny frisk about,  
And visit with her cousins?  
At balls must she make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens?  
What has she better, pray, than I?  
What hidden charms to boast?  
That all mankind for her should die,  
Whilst I am scarce a toast.

Dearest mamma, for once let me  
Unchain'd my fortune try;  
I'll have my earl as well as she,  
Or know the reason why.  
Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,  
Kitty, at heart's desire,  
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
And set the world on fire.

---

CLXXI.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,  
I peevish begun, where so long could you stay;  
In your life-time you ne'er regarded your hour;  
You promis'd at two, but---look, child! it is four;  
A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels;  
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals;

A temper so heedless no mortal can bear.---

Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me! says she, let a body but speak;  
Here's an ugly, hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:  
It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree,  
Look here! for you never believe me; pray see,  
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has  
made!

So saying, her bosom she quite careless display'd:  
That scene of delight; which I with wonder survey'd,

And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

## CLXXII.

*Parody on MARGARRT'S GHOST.*

GAY Bacchus one ev'ning inviting his friends  
To partake of a gen'rous flask,  
To each social being a message he sends,  
To meet at the head of his cask.  
The guest all appear'd at his place of address;  
The witty, the grave, and the bold;  
Our Circle surpass'd all that fancy can guess,  
Of Arthur's round Table, round Table of old.  
Our Circle, &c.

In the midst of our merriment, who do you think,  
Unsuspected had seated him there,  
But one Care, in disguise---who tip'd us the wink  
And warn'd us of Time to beware,

Who,

Who, in spite of his Age, or the weight of his  
years,

We should find but a slippery blade ;  
Is known by the lock that on his forehead he wears,  
And carries the sign of his trade.

Our Circle, &c.

We gratefully ply'd him with bottle and pot,  
Which fill'd up his wrinkles apace ;  
The Cynic grew blithe, and his precepts forgot,  
And soon fell asleep in his place ;  
Regardless of Time, then we threw off restraint,  
Nor fear'd we to wake the old spark ;  
Our songs were select, and our stories were quaint,  
And each was as gay as a lark.

Our Circle, &c.

When all on a sudden, so awful and tall,  
One appear'd, who spoil'd a good song,  
Father Time moving round by the side of the  
wall

Behind us slow stealing along ;  
We rose to his Rev'ence, and offer'd a chair ;  
He said for no man he would stay ;  
Then Bacchus up started and caught at his hair ;  
And swore all the score he should pay.

Our Circle, &c.

But Time, well aware of the god of the grape,  
Evaded his efforts and flew :  
We seiz'd on his glass e'er he made his escape,  
And instantly broke it in two ;



Then we fill'd each with wine instead of his sand,  
 And drank double toasts to the fair,  
 Each member in turn with a glass in each hand,  
 Then parted and went home with Care.

---

 CLXXIII.

*Sung at the ANACREONTIC.*

'T WAS at the silent solemn hour,  
 When night and morning meet,  
 In glided cook maid Marg'ry's ghost,  
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like thick clouted cream,  
 Before it has been churn'd,  
 And clay cold was her brawny fist,  
 That oft 'fore fires have burn'd.

So shall the fairest face appear  
 When youth and years are flown;  
 Such is the robe we all must wear,  
 When death has knock'd us down.

Her bloom was like the best house lamb,  
 Her skin was soft and sleek;  
 Not even rump-steaks could exceed  
 The colour of each cheek.

But love and disappointment had  
 Brought Marg'ry to her death;  
 To drown her grief, she took to gin,  
 Which soon stop'd up her breath.

Billy.

Billy, awake, thou faithless man !  
Leave snoring for a while,  
And hear a long and dismal tale,  
How you did me beguile.

The watchman calls past three o'clock,  
An hour, my Billy dear !  
Most drunken blades are sleeping off  
The fumes of punch and beer.

William, remember when you gave  
To me this tester broken,  
It was for ever to remain  
As a true lover's token.

Why did you say you'd marry me,  
And not that promise keep ?  
Why did you say my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

How could you say my face was fair,  
It might the lily mock ?  
Behold it now has chang'd its hue,  
And whiter than my smock.

Why did you say my lips, for red  
Excell'd my scarlet cloak ?  
And why did I, young artless maid,  
Believe what you had spoke ?

My fingers oft you did admire,  
When I've been raising paste,  
And swore amongst your female friends,  
None had so small a waist.

Ah, cruel youth ! those days are past  
When I did look so gay ;  
Instead of kindling amorous flames,  
I'm now for grubs a prey.

But hark ! I hear the house-maid stir,  
Billy, my love, adieu,  
And hope you'll sometimes think on her,  
Who died through love for you.

The clock struck five, up William got,  
And scratch'd his itching head,  
Then leisurely pulled off his cap,  
And yawning left his bed.

He slowly walk'd to the church-yard,  
Where Margaret was laid,  
Then heaved a sigh, and cry'd,  
Adieu, thou charming maid !

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full fore,  
Then wip'd his eyes and blow'd his nose,  
So thought of her no more.

---

CLXXIV.

**W**HY, cruel creature, why so bent,  
To vex a tender heart ?  
While to gold and titles you're intent ;  
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let

Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great ;  
 For pay, let armies move :  
 Beauty shou'd have no other bait,  
 But gentle vows and love.

If on those matchless charms you lay  
 The value that's their due ;  
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay ;  
 A thousand worlds too few.

But, if a passion, without vice,  
 Without disguise, or art,  
 Ah, Celia ! if true love's your price,  
 Behold it in my heart.

---

CLXXV.

**Y**OUNG Roger, the ploughman, who wanted a  
 mate,

Went along with his daddy & courting to Kate ;  
 With a nosegay so large, in his holiday cloaths,  
 (His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.  
 Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,  
 And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he :  
 So he bow'd, and he star'd, and he let his hat fall ;  
 Then he grin'd, scratch'd his head, and said nothing  
 at all.

If awkward the swain, no less awkward the maid ;  
 She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron string  
 play'd,

"Till



Till the old folks impatient to have the thing  
done,

Agreed that young Roger and Kate should be one.  
In silence the young ones both nodded assent,  
Their hands being join'd, to be married they went,  
Where they answer'd the parson with voices so  
small,  
You'd have sworn that they both had said nothing  
at all.

But mark what a change---in the course of a week,  
Kate quite left off blushing---Hodge boldly could  
speak ;

Could joke with his deary ; laugh loud at the jest ;  
She could coax too and fondle as well as the best ;  
And ashamed of past folly they've often declar'd,  
To encourage young folks who at courtship are  
scar'd

If at first to your aid some assurance you'll call,  
When once your us'd to't 'tis nothing at all.

## CLXXVI.

YOUNG Hal call'd softly, " Rise my dear !

" 'Tis I, your true love---can't you hear ? "

He tapp'd, and tapp'd, impatient grown,

Again he call'd, and said,

" Why, Nancy, love, won't you come down ? "

" No, no ! replied the maid.

" The

" The wind is bleak, the night is dark ;  
 " Disturb'd, the village watch-dogs bark ;  
 " Full five long miles for thee I've come,  
 " O'er dreary moorland stray'd ;  
 " Rise from thy bed, and make me room."  
 " No, no," reply'd the maid."

Then doleful turn'd he from the door ;  
 And curs'd his fate, and love forswore ;  
 But as he turn'd, he heard the key  
 As tho' to creak afraid :

" You'll not prove false, sure," whisper'd she---  
 " No, no, my charming maid !"

Thrice kiss'd the lovers ; thrice the clock  
 Beat on the bell ; thrice crow'd the cock ;  
 Yet still right loth was Hal to go,  
 Tho' Nancy begg'd and pray'd :  
 'Till laughing neighbours cry'd " Oh, oh !  
 " Is't so, my pretty maid !"

---

# CLXXVII.

**A** TAYLOR there was, and he liv'd in a gar-  
 ret,  
 Who ne'er in his days tasted champagne or cla-  
 ret ;  
 With high soups, or ragouts he never was fed,  
 But cabbage, believe me was his daily bread.

Derry down, &c.

His

His work he pursu'd without any repining,  
When bless'd with a pint of three threads for his  
lining :

'Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,  
With a Sempstrefs's bodkin destroy'd his quietus.

Derry down, &c.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure,  
His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure ;  
His bills he contrives not with items to swell ;  
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them to  
hell,

Derry down, &c.

Cupid, pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,  
And help'd him to fine draw the hole he had made ;  
And bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,  
Whoe'er finish'd without first beginning a suit.

Derry down, &c.

He visits the Sempstrefs with awkward address,  
Protests on her kindness hung his happiness ;  
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and  
wheedle,

For she, lack-a-day, was as sharp as a needle.

Derry down, &c.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,  
And beg'd he might soon be inform'd of his  
doom ;

Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,  
Fate's shears would soon cut off his remnant of  
life.

Derry down, &c.

De

Do you think, cry'd the Sempstres, I'll take for a  
spouse

One whom no one esteems three skips of a louse ?  
Advance in your favour whatever you can,  
A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

Derry down, &c.

The taylor proceeded with lying, entreating,  
And making such speeches which scarce bear re-  
peating

A woman unmarried was useless, he said,  
Was just like a needle without any thread.

Derry down, &c.

When the priest should have tack'd them together  
he cried,

For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide ;  
Tho' to turkies and capons he could not aspire,  
She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

Derry down, &c.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble,  
And swore that her eyes were more bright than  
her thimble ;

Tho' small was his wit he so acted his part,  
That (I know not how 'twas) he cabbag'd her  
heart.

Derry down, &c.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went,  
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent ;  
None but death could the conjugal knot have un-  
tied ;

For cross-legg'd together they sat till they died.

Derry down, &c.

CLXXVIII.



## CLXXVIII.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm  
 To captivate the will;  
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,  
 Whose frowns at once can kill!  
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,  
 Where flatt'ry bears no part;  
 An honest verse, that flows sincere  
 And candid from the heart?

Great is your power, but greater yet,  
 Mankind it might engage;  
 If, as ye all can make a net,  
 Ye all would make a cage:  
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;  
 For who's to beauty blind?  
 But to what end a pris'ner make,  
 Unless we're strength to bind?

Attend the council often told,  
 Too often told in vain;  
 Learn that blest art, the art to hold,  
 And lock the lover's chain:  
 Gamesters to little purpose win,  
 Who lose again as fast;  
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,  
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

CLXXIX.

*Written by Captain MORRIS.*

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl,  
Wakes its world of pleasure,  
Glowing visions gild my soul,  
And life's an endless treasure ;  
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,  
Fresh with gay desire,  
Rays divine my senses dart,  
And kindling hope inspire.

Then who'd be grave,  
When wine can save  
The heaviest soul from sinking ;  
And magic grapes  
Give angel shapes  
To ev'ry girl we're drinking !

CHORUS. Then who'd be grave, &c.

Here sweet Benignity and Love  
Shed their influence round me,  
Gather'd ills of life remove,  
And leave me as they found me :  
Tho' my head may swim, yet true  
Still to Nature's feeling,  
Peace and beauty swim thereto,  
And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow, tender truth  
Her pensive lesson taught me ;  
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,  
And Wisdom wak'd and caught me :  
A bargain then with Love I knock'd,  
To hold the pleasing gipsy,  
When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,  
But turn the key when tipsy.  
Then who'd be grave, &c.

When Time had swag'd my heated heart,  
The grey-beard, blind and simple,  
Forgot to cool one little part,  
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple ;  
That part's enough of beauty's type,  
To warm an honest fellow,  
And though it touch me not when ripe,  
It melts still while I'm mellow.  
Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage we all declare,  
With scarce a port to hide in,  
It may be so to pride or care ;  
That's not a sea I ride in:  
Here floats my soul, 'till fancy's eye  
Her realms of bliss discover,  
Bright worlds that fair in prospect lie,  
To him that's half seas over.  
Then who'd be grave, &c.

---

CLXXX.

*Written by J. CUNNINGHAM.*

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
Steals softly thro' the night,  
To wanton in the winding stream,  
And kifs reflected light :  
To courts be gone, heart soothing sleep,  
Where you've so seldom been,  
Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep  
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,  
In primrose chaplets gay ;  
'Till morn unbars her golden gate,  
And gives the promis'd May :  
The nymphs and swains shall all declare  
The promis'd May, when seen,  
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,  
And rouse yon nodding grove,  
'Till new wak'd birds distend their throats,  
And hail the maid I love :  
At her approach the lark mistakes,  
And quits the new-dress'd green---  
Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.



Now, blithsome, o'er the dewy mead,  
 Where elves disportive play,  
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,  
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay;  
 Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,  
 And claims a virgin queen;  
 The nymph, and swains, exulting, cry,  
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

---

## CLXXXI.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white over with sheep;  
 I have seldom met with a loss,  
 Such health do my fountains bestow;  
 My fountains all border'd with moss,  
 Where the hare bells and violets grow;  
 Where the hare bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood pigeons breed;  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed;  
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of it's young;  
 I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

But

But where does my Phyllida stray,  
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?  
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the valleys as fine:  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

---

## CLXXXII.

**W**HEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,  
 Which men are forbidden to see,  
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,  
 To set his Eurydice free.

All hell stood amaz'd, that a person so wise,  
 Should so rashly endanger his life,  
 And venture so far, but how vast their surprise!  
 When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault,  
 Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;  
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,  
 So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,  
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,  
 He took her again, in reward for his art:  
 Such power had music in hell.

## CLXXXIII.

ON the white cliffs of Albion see Fame where she  
stands,

And her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbour-  
ing lands :

Of the natives free-born, and their conquests she  
sings,

The happiest of men with the greatest of kings.

George the Third she proclaims, his vast glory  
repeats.

His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets ;

Whom nor castles or rocks can from honour retard,  
Since e'en death for their king they with scorn  
disregard.

O! but see a cloud bursts and an angel appears!

'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears!

" Say Fame, (cry'd the maid) is't not time to  
give o'er,

With sieges and famine, explosions and gore ?

His just right to assert hath the king amply try'd,

Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide ;

Then no longer in rage let dread thunder be  
hurld,

But leave him to me, and give peace to the world."

'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,  
The blest word is gone forth for the good of man-  
kind;

'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,  
And our king is a Briton---deny it who dare.

(To Hodgson and Keppel let bumpers next smile,  
And to all our brave troops who have taken Belle-  
isle;

May they meet just reward, and with courage ad-  
vance,

Still to humble the pride and the power of France.

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to  
the king,

To the duke and the princess, and make the air  
ring;

May the days of great George be all happy and  
long,

And the man still be right who yet never was  
wrong.

## CLXXXIV.

**A** SAILOR's life's a pleasant life,

He freely roams from shore to shore:

In ev'ry port he finds a wife;

What can a sailor wish for more.

To him the world her charms displays,

He views all nature's choicest storm,

And vent'ring on the stormy seas,

Her various beauties he explores.

Then



Then weigh your anchor, bend your sails;  
 The wind blows aft with pleasant gales;  
 Keep helm a-midships, thus remain,  
 Our port, brave boys, we soon shall gain.

A sailor's life's a happy life,  
 Our hearts are free from pain or fear;  
 We harbour no ill-will, or strife,  
 But merrily our course we steer:  
 If winds blow cross, or storms arise,  
 We to our well-known skill resort;  
 The danger boldly we despise,  
 And all's forgot when we're in port.  
 Then each man has his pretty lass,  
 And jovially our time we pass;  
 Our hours with mirth and joy are crown'd,  
 And cheerfully the glass goes round.

A sailor's life's a glorious life,  
 In danger's field he toils for fame;  
 When threat'ning war's alarms are rise,  
 His matchless deeds his worth proclaim:  
 Undaunted he the foe pursues,  
 His breast true British valour boasts,  
 The blood-stain'd deck he fearless views,  
 Amid the flock of charging hosts.  
 By him, Britannia's fame to raise,  
 And prove her mistress of the seas;  
 Destruction on her foes is hurl'd,  
 He bears her thunder o'er the world.

## CLXXXV.

HOW happy a state does the Miller possess,  
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less,  
On his mill and himself he depends for support,  
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.  
What tho' he all dusty, and whiten'd does go,  
The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau ;  
A clown in this dress may be honest far  
Than a courtier who struts in a garter and star.  
Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to  
be seen,  
The hands of his betters are not very clean ;  
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,  
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.  
What if then a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks :  
In this of right noble example he brags,  
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.  
Or shou'd he endeavour to keep an estate,  
In this too he mimicks the tools of the state ;  
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,  
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.  
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,  
And down when he's weary contented does lye ;  
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing,  
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King.

---

CLXXXVI.

*Written by Mr. OAKMAN.*

*Tune.----Cease rude Boreas.*

LADIES who delight in scandal,  
For awhile attend to me;  
Themes of fashion now I'll handle,  
While you sip your fav'rite tea :  
Soon as Phœbus gilds the morning,  
And gentle zephyrs blow ;  
Beaux and belles themselves adorning,  
Went to ride in Rotten-row.

Ladies' sweetest fure in nature,  
Ambling in the morning ride :  
And the beaux, each pretty creature,  
Simper by them, side by side :  
Then stern Boreas all confounding,  
Bids his surly servants roar :  
Clouds, and storms the scene surrounding,  
And the tempest loud does roar.

Hark! above the thunders rattle,  
And the lightning cuts the sky :  
Heroes famous in the battle,  
Like the belles for shelter fly :

Round

Round their head the hail-stones beating,  
 Mingled with the gushing rain ;  
 Ev'ry happiness defeating,  
 After pleasure oft comes pain.

Then each ornament of fashion,  
 Flutters in the open air ;  
 More and more the storm comes dash on,  
 How alarming to the fair :  
 Now they gallop on for shelter,  
 What a terrible disgrace ;  
 Cork rumps in the helter skelter,  
 Take, alas ! a different place.

Gypsy hat, and nodding feather,  
 Bonnets tow'ring on the crown :  
 Twirl'd by the fury of the weather,  
 Round about are rudely thrown :  
 While the snorting steeds are prancing,  
 Swiftly thro' the park they come ;  
 Just like drowned rats advancing,  
 Till they reach their native home.

---

#### CLXXXVII.

**H**OW happy are we, when the wind is abaft,  
 And the boatswain he pipes, haul both our sheets aft ;  
 Steady, steady, says the master, it blows a fresh gale,  
 We'll soon reach our port, boys, if the wind does  
     not fail,  
 Then, drink about Tom, altho' the ship roll,  
 We'll save our rich liquor by slinging our bowl.

#### CLXXXVIII.



## CLXXXVIII.

**H**OW pleasant a Sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams on the wat'ry main!  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But chearfully spends all his gain.  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 To honour and honesty true,  
 And wou'd not commit a base action,  
 For power or power in view.

**CHO.** Then why shou'd we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys?  
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,  
 Goes thorough the world, my brave boys,

The World is a beautiful garden,  
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.

When terrible tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous billows affright,  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful industry steers right.

**CHO.** Then why should, &c.

The courtier more subject to dangers,  
 Who rules at the helm of the state,  
 Than we, who to politicks strangers,  
 Escape the snares laid for the great.

The

The various blessings of nature,  
 In various nations we try ;  
 No mortals than us can be greater,  
 Who merrily live till we die.

CHO. Then why should, &c.

CLXXXIX.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment ?  
 If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content ?  
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,  
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ;  
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my  
 heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,  
 And by passionate silence I make my love known ;  
 But, oh ! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake to discover her love ;—  
 When in striving to hide she reveals all her flame,  
 And our eyes tell each other, what neither dare  
 name.

How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the charms,  
 How delightful embraces, how peaceful her arms ?  
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :  
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must  
 yield,

For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the  
 fair field,

---

CXC.

**H**OW do they err, who throw their love,  
On fate or folly wholly,  
Whom only rants and flights can move,  
And rapture join'd with folly?  
For how should pleasure solid be,  
Where thought is out season?  
Do I love you, or you love me,  
My dear, without a reason?  
Our sense then rightly we'll employ,  
No paradise expecting;  
Yet envying none the trifling joy  
That will not bear reflecting;  
For wisdom's power, since after all,  
E'en life is past the curing,  
Softens the worst that can befall,  
And makes the best enduring.

---

CXCI.

**I**N vain a thousand slaves have try'd,  
To overcome Clarinda's pride;  
Pity pleading,  
Love persuading,  
When her icy heart is thaw'd,  
Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd.  
Foolish creature,  
Follow nature,  
Waste not thus your prime;  
Youth's a treasure,  
Love's a pleasure,  
Both destroy'd by Time.

CXCII.

## CXCH.

I Pry'thée send me back my heart,  
 Since I cannot have thine;  
 For if from your's you will not part,  
 Why then should you keep mine?  
 Yet now I think on't, let it lye,  
 To send it me were vain,  
 For thou'st a thief in either eye,  
 Will steal it back again.

## CXCHII.

I'M old mad Tom, behold me,  
 My wits are quite unframed;  
 I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,  
 And in hopes of being proclaim'd.  
 I'll mount the frosty mountains,  
 And then I'll skim the weather;  
 I'll pluck the rainbow from the sky,  
 And I'll splice both ends together.  
 I'll mount the pride of marble,  
 And there I'll fright the gypsies;  
 And I'll play at bowls with sun and moon,  
 And win them with eclipses,  
 I 'prentice was to Vulcan,  
 And serv'd my master faithful,  
 In making tools for jovial fools;  
 But, ye gods, ye prov'd unfaithful.



The stars pluck'd from their orbs too,  
 I'll put them in my budget ;  
 And if I'm not a roaring boy.  
 Then let the nation judge it.

---

## CXCIV.

IN my triumphant Chariot hurl'd,  
 I range around the World;  
 'Tis mad Tom, drive all before me,  
 While to my royal throne I come ;  
 Bow down, my slaves, and adore me,  
 Your sov'reign lord, mad Tom.  
 What, though the sceptre that I bear,  
 Is all but dream and air ?  
 I've the pleasure of crowns,  
 Without the care.

And tho' I give law,  
 From beds of straw,  
 And dress in a tatter'd robe ;  
 The Madman can be  
 More a Monarch than he  
 That commands the vassal globe.

---

## CXCV.

IN good King Charles's golden days,  
 When loyalty had no harm in't,  
 A zealous high church man I was,  
 And so I got preferment :

To

To teach my flock, I never mist,  
 Kings are by God appointed;  
 And those are damn'd that do resist,  
 And touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law I will maintain,  
 Until my dying day, Sir,  
 That whatsoever King shall reign,  
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal James obtained the throne,  
 And pop'ry came in fashion,  
 The penal laws I hooted down,  
 And read the declaration :  
 The Church of Rome I found would fit  
 Full well my constitution ;  
 And had become a Jesuit,  
 But for the Revolution.

And this is Law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,  
 To ease the nation's grievance !  
 With this new wind about I steer'd,  
 And swore to him allegiance ;  
 Old principles I did revoke,  
 Set conscience at a distance :  
 Passive-obedience was a joke,  
 And pish for non-resistance.

And this is Law, &c.

When gracious Anne ascends the throne,  
 The Church of England's glory ;  
 Another face of things was seen,  
 And I became a Tory ;

Occasional conformists base,  
 I damn'd their moderation,  
 And thought the Church in danger was,  
 By such prevarication.

And this is Law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,  
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir,  
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,  
 And then became a whig, Sir ;  
 And so preferment I procur'd  
 By our New Faith's Defender ;  
 And always every day abjur'd  
 The Pope and the Pretender.  
 And this is Law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,  
 And Protestant succession,  
 To these I do allegiance swear,  
 While they can keep possession ?  
 For by my faith and loyalty  
 I never more will falter,  
 And George my lawful King shall be,  
 Until the times shall alter.  
 And this is Law, &c.

---

CXCVI.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be  
 seen,  
 And the meadows their beauties have lost ;  
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,  
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost :

While

While the peasant inactive, stands shivering with  
cold,

As bleak the winds northerly blow ;  
And the innocent flocks run for ease to their fold,  
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with  
straw,

And they send forth their breath like a stream  
And the neat looking dairy maid sees she must thaw  
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :

When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,  
As she carelessly trips, often slides ;  
And the rustics laugh loud, if, by falling, she shews  
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,  
In a croud round the embers are met ;

Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind-  
And of ghosts 'till they're all in a sweat :

When the birds to the barn come hovering for food,  
Or they silently sit on the spray ;

And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,  
Lest her footsteps her course should betray.

Heav'n grant in this season it may prove my lot,  
With the nymph whom I love and admire,

While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,  
I may thither in safety retire !

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from sur-  
prize,

We may live and no hardships endure ;  
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,  
But such as each other may cure.



## CXC VII.

THE sun shone pale on mountain snow,  
 When morn unbarr'd her gate;  
 Wak'd by his beams, Maria rose,  
 To mourn her hapless fate;  
 In piteous sounds of deepest woe,  
 Which echo'd thro' the vale,  
 Soft as the rising blush of morn,  
 Or Zephyr's fragrant gale.

All night her shroud before her pass,  
 The owl cry'd, and raven too;  
 At eve Maria breath'd her last,  
 And prov'd these omens true.  
 Her spirits now in heaven repos'd,  
 Which here sad vigils kept;  
 Whose wounds on earth were never clos'd,  
 Whose sorrow never slept.

Yet ere I bid my last adieu,  
 While in thy clay-cold bed;  
 Accept the tear of friendship true,  
 Which o'er thy grave I shed:  
 While life remains, thy hapless lot,  
 In mem'ry e'er shall live;  
 May'st thou in heav'n those blessings prove  
 Which earth could never give.

## CXCVIII.

**W**HERE the light cannot pierce, to a grove of  
tall trees,

With my fair one as blooming as May,  
Undistur'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,  
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun less intense to the westward inclines,  
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,  
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,  
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on it's verge as we pass  
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme.)  
Our two shadows may view on the watry glass,  
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to  
bleat.

When she sings me some am'rous strain;  
All be silent, and hush'd, unless echo repeat  
The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,  
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,  
Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give  
us light,

Just direct us and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble it's note's in our walk,  
As thus gently and slowly we move;  
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,  
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,  
 And secure from ambition's alarms,  
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,  
 And each morn shall arise with new charms.

---

CXCIX.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,  
 and bare,

As wilder'd and weary I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,

And leads me o'er lawns to her home :

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres, her cottage had  
 crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;

Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly  
 round,

And deck'd the sod-seats at the door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,

Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best ;

While thrown from my guard, by some glances  
 she cast,

Love sily stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins her voice was divine ;)

I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,  
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms;  
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms:  
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
 And if on the banks by the stream,  
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,  
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,  
 Delighted with pastoral views;  
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,  
 And mark out new themes for my muse:  
 To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,  
 The damsel's of humble descent;  
 The cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire,  
 And shepherds have nam'd her---Content.

---

CC.

**T**HE world's a wilderness of wiles,  
 Where traps are buried under smiles,  
 And flattering hopes around you creep,  
 Then always "look before you leap."  
 Or should contention ever draw,  
 You into controverting law,  
 When hoping some revenge to reap,  
 Then always "look before you leap."



Or should some frantic bigot pray,  
 And try to trap you in his way,  
 A wolf will oft assume the sheep,  
 Then always "look before you leap."

But should you in your paths pursue  
 A maiden fair, and kind, and true,  
 With artless smiles, and native charms,  
 Then—"leap at once into her arms!"

---

## [ CCI.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,

When forc'd from her to go,  
 Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,  
 My heart was fraught with woe,

Our anchor weigh'd for sea we stood,  
 The land we left behind;

Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,  
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between  
 Lay the ocean wide;

For five long years I had not seen  
 My sweet, my bonny bride.

That time I sail'd the world around,

All for my true-love's sake,  
 But press'd as homeward we were bound,  
 I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,  
 To let me once on shore,  
 I long'd to see my Poll again,  
 But saw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away?  
 And is he gone? she cry'd:  
 My Poll, the sweetest flower of May,  
 Then languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

## CCII.

TRUST not man, for he'll deceive thee.  
 Treach'ry is his sole intent;  
 First he'll court you, then he'll leave you,  
 Poor deluded to lament.

Listen to a kind adviser,  
 Men pursue but to perplex;  
 Would you happy be grow wiser,  
 And avoid the faithless sex.

Form'd by nature to undo us,  
 They escape our utmost heed:  
 And are humble while they woo us,  
 But how vain if they succeed!

So the bird whene'er deluded,  
 By the artful fowler's snare,  
 Mourns out life in cage secluded:  
 Fair one while you're young beware.

CCIII.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,  
And in wedlock's the soft hammock to swing every night,

If you hope that your voyage successful should  
prove,

Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love.  
Fill your sails, &c.

Let your heart, like our mainmast, be ever upright,

And the union you boast like our tackle be tight ;  
Of the shoals of indifference be sure to keep clear,  
And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.

If husbands e'er expect to live peaceable lives,  
They must reckon themselves, give the helm  
to their wives ;

For the evener we go boys, the better we sail,  
And on shipboard the head is still rul'd by the tail.

Then list to example my boys, and be wise,  
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise ;  
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,  
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

## CCIV.

*Written by Mr. COLLINS.*

**T**O my Muse give attention, and deem it not a  
mystery.

If we jumble together, music, poetry, and history,  
The times to display, in the days of Queen Bess, Sir,  
Whose name and whose memory posterity may  
bless, Sir,

Oh the golden days of good Queen Bess!

Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess!

Then we laught at the bugbears of dons and ar-  
madass,

With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering  
bravadoes,

For well we knew to manage both the musket and  
the bow, Sir,

And would bring down a Spaniard just as easy as  
a crow, Sir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our churchmen were zealous, and our lasses  
truly virtuous, Sir,

And maidenheads were plenty to the honourable  
purchasers :

Divorces were seldom, as the English annals tell,  
Sir,

And people were content for they never once re-  
bel'd, Sir.

Oh the golden days, &c.



Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses  
were thatch'd, Sir,

Our windows were latticed, our doors were latch'd,  
Sir,

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or  
rob, Sir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a job,  
Sir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies, with large ruffs tied round about  
their necks fast,

Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their  
breakfast,

While a close quill'd-up cap their noddles just did  
fit, Sir,

And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit,  
Sir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worsted  
hose, Sir,

With a huge pair of whiskers was the dress of our  
beaux, Sir ;

Strong beer they prefer'd too to claret or hock,  
Sir,

And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox,  
Sir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as  
beef, Sir,

And the poor from the rich never wanted relief,  
Sir ;

While

While merry went the mill-clack, the shuttle and  
the plough, Sir,  
And honest men could live by the sweat of their  
brow, Sir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then the folks ev'ry funday went twice at least to  
church, Sir,  
Nor never left the parson or the sermon in the  
lurch, Sir;  
For they judg'd that the sabbath was for people to  
be good in, Sir,  
And they thought it sabbath breaking, if they  
din'd without a pudding, Sir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good  
men were great, Sir,  
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the  
state, Sir;  
For the Sov'reign and the Subject, one interest  
supported  
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was  
courted.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their  
lives, Sir,  
Bright examples of glory to those who survive, Sir,  
May we, their descendants, pursue the same ways,  
Sir,  
That King George like Queen Bess, may have his  
golden days, Sir;

And may a longer reign of glory and success  
Make his name eclipse the fame of our good good  
Queen Bess.

Oh the golden days of good Queen Bess ;  
Merry be the name of good Queen Bess.

---

CCV.

*Written by* Dr. GLYNN, M. D.

*Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.*

TEAZE me no more, nor think I care,  
Tho' monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine,  
Or powder'd coxcombs, woo the fair,  
Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indifferent 'tis alike to me,  
If my favourite dove be stole,  
Whether its dainty feathers be,  
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips,  
The rose-bud opens ; what care I,  
Who the od'rous liquid sips,  
The king of bees or butterfly.

Like me, the Indian of Peru,  
Rich in mines of golden ore,  
Dejected sees the merchant's crew,  
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks

Seeks the slave despoil'd to know,  
 Whether his gold, in shape of lace,  
 Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,  
 Or wear the stamp of George's face ?

---

## CCVI.

**GENTLY** touch the warbling lyre,  
 Cloe seems inclin'd to rest ;  
 Fill her soul with fond desire ;  
 Softest notes will sooth her breast :  
 Pleasing dreams assist in love  
 Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,  
 Nature's verdant velvet bed :  
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,  
 Forming pillows for her head ;  
 Zephyrs waft their odours round,  
 And indulging whispers found.

---

## CCVII.

*The same Burlesqued.*

**GENTLY** stir, and blow the fire,  
 Lay the mutton down to roast ;  
 Dress it quickly I desire ;  
 In the dripping put a toast,  
 That I hunger may remove ;  
 Mutton is the meat I love.



On the dresser see it lies :

Oh the charming white and red !

Finer meat ne'er met my eyes ;

On the sweetest grass it fed :

Let the jack go swiftly round ;

Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,

Let the knives be sharp and clean :

Pickles get, and sallad both,

Let them each be fresh and green :

With small beer, good ale, and wine,

Oh, ye gods ! how I shall dine.

# CCVIII.

**CUPID**, god of pleasing anguish,

Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,

Teach him fierce desires to know.

Heroes would be lost in story,

Did not love inspire their glory :

Love does all that's great below.

# CCIX.

*Tune, Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.*

**LET**'s be jovial, fill our glasses,

Madness 'tis for us to think

How the world is rul'd by asses,

And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Then

Then never let vain care oppress us,  
 Riches are to them a snare ;  
 We're every one as rich as Cræsus,  
 While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us as red as roses,  
 And our sorrows quite forget ;  
 Come let's fuddle all our noses,  
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim death comes looking for us,  
 We are toping off our bowls,  
 Bacchus, joining in the chorus,  
 Death, be gone, here's none but souls.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,  
 Trembling death away shall fly,  
 Ever after understanding,  
 Drinking souls can never die.

## CCX.

**C**RUEL despair, no more torment me,  
 No more my blooming hopes annoy ;  
 Soft delusion, to content me,  
 Arise with flatt'ring dreams of joy.

No more my bleeding heart shall languish  
 In sighs, the voice of silent grief ;  
 No more I'll dread the painful anguish ;  
 Sweet hope returning brings relief.

## CCXI.

FOR modes of religion let zealots fall out,  
 This firmly believe, and the other thing doubt;  
 Neglect precious time in pursuit of a shade,  
 While the substance is near and still offers its aid,  
 The best of all modes, I believe, for my part,  
 Is my grandmother's mode---a true honest heart.

What's Luther, John Calvin, or Bhemin to me?  
 About such sort of folks why should friends disagree?  
 The volume they wrote we have some to maintain,  
 But serve to mislead and disorder the brain;  
 From our old fashion mode let me never depart,  
 The best of all modes---a true honest heart.

My neighbour I love as myself, I protest,  
 If the same sort of friendship I find in his breast;  
 If proud of his riches, and given to rule,  
 I've rods for the tyrant, yet pity the fool,  
 For what's all his treasures when doom'd to depart,  
 But bubbles blown up, to a true honest heart.

I'd do unto mortals of ev'ry degree  
 As I wish unto others their conduct should be:  
 But if in oppression I found they were bent,  
 I can shew both the spirit and pow'r to resent;  
 But none will presume to act such a part,  
 Who is blest with that treasure, a true honest heart

I rev'rence

I rev'rence the Church, and the Sov'reign respect,  
 Till he aims to subvert what he's bound to protect:  
 His laws I'll obey, and will deal him the mite  
 Requir'd at my hand, with unfeigned delight;  
 Pray heav'n protect him, and fight on his part,  
 For I firmly believe he's a true honest heart.

Now fill up your glasses, let each quit his seat,  
 Let your brows be uncover'd; stand firm on the feet,  
 Take your bumpers in hand, place them right  
 to the lip,

And on pain of salt-water let none dare to sip,  
 My sentiment's this, then you all may depart,  
 May distress never find out the true honest heart.

---

CCXII.

*Written by Mr. G. A. STEVENS.*

*Tune.---The bounds are all out.*

**C**ONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,  
 For what can this world more afford,  
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,  
 And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd,  
 My brave boys.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,  
 Broach that cask, aye, that wine we will try,  
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
 And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In



In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck.  
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;  
 And the foot of my glafs for the purpose I  
     broke,  
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry were we fit, tho' the oozy drops seem  
     The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,  
 From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste  
     stream,  
 Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be firod,  
     I fit my companions among,  
 Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's  
     god,  
 And a sentiment give or a song.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,  
     No ancient more patriot-like bled ;  
 Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,  
     And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are  
     well fill'd,  
 View that heap of Old Hock in the rear ;  
 Yon' bottles of Burgundy, see how they're fill'd,  
     Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,  
     All gloriously rang'd in review,  
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks,  
     As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like

Like Macedon's madman, my drink I'll enjoy,  
 In defiance of gravel and gout;  
 Who cry'd when he had no more worlds to subdue---  
 I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, see the flame brightly  
 shines,

But when wanting moisture, decays;  
 Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,  
 Or else there's an end of my blaze.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shou'd be shed,  
 No *hic jacet* be cut on my stone,  
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
 And say a choice fellow is gone.

My brave boys.

---

CCXIII.

*Written by Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM.*

FERVID on the glittering flood,  
 Now the moon-tide radiance glows :  
 Drooping o'er it's infant bud,  
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,  
 From the fierce meridian heat  
 Shelter'd, by the branching pines,  
 Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forfakes the glade,  
 Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;  
 Sure to find a pleasing shade,  
 By the ivy'd Abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round,  
 O'er the river, rock, and hill,  
 Cannot catch a fingle found,  
 Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,  
 Where the streamlet wanders cool;  
 Or with liquid silence stand  
 Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dale, or stream,  
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;  
 Fearful lest the noon-tide beam,  
 Scorch it's soft, it's filken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,  
 Nature's lull'd---serene---and still!  
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,  
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,  
 'Till the fresh descending shower,  
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,  
 Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill---the hedge---is green,  
 Now the warblers' throats in tune;  
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,  
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

CCXIV.

*Written by Captain MORRIS.*

SIT down neighbours all, and I'll tell you a  
merry story,  
About a British farmer, and Billy P--t, the  
Tory.

I had it piping hot from Ebenezer Barber,  
Who sail'd right from England, and lies in Boston  
harbour.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,

Bow wow wow.

This Billy he is call'd Britannia's prime ruler,  
Tho' he's but a puppet that's held out to fool  
her!

His name is a passport to get in old finners ;  
So he deals the cards that the knaves may be win-  
ners.

Bow wow wew, &c.

He was bred up a Whig, but with Nabobs to  
thrive. Sir,

Who have votes in the house, about two out of  
five, Sir ;

He gave up the people, and vow'd, to his scan-  
dal,

They should seek for their bread without day-  
light or candle.

Bow wow wow, &c.



Now it hap'd to the country he went for a blessing,  
And from his State Dad to get a new lesson;  
He went to Dadd Jenky, by Trimmer Hal at-  
tended;

In such company, good lack! how his morals  
must be mended!

Bow wow wow, &c.

This Harry was always a staunch friend to Boston;  
His bowels are soft, for they yearn'd for Indostan,  
If I had him in our township, I'd feather him and  
tar him,

With forty lacking one too, I'd lam him and I'd  
scar him.

Bow wow wow, &c.

With his skin full of wine, and his head full of  
state tricks,

Sham reforms, commutations, and the rest of his  
late tricks,

He came back with Harry, two birds of a feather,  
And both drunk as pipers, they knock'd their  
heads together.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Now so it fell out that this pair were benighted,

And drove out of the road; so the statermen a-  
lighted:

And to get in again away scrambl'd they, Sir,  
To find the back road unto the King's highway, Sir.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Long lost in the dark were these lights of the na-  
tion;

But stumbl'd at last on a small habitation;

To

To which they march'd up, while the fowls, in  
confusion,  
Thought their lives were aim'd at by the bold in-  
trusion !

Bow wow wow, &c.

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd, and fore Billy  
bated ;

The wife she cried out, " We be all ruinated !"  
Then straitway she snatch'd up a vessel with  
liquid in,

To pour on the head of this darkling Philistine.

Bow wow wow, &c.

The husband awak'd, by her rage and her  
screaming,

And shrewdly supposing that his wife might be  
dreaming ;

To make matters short, snatch'd his gun in a  
fury,

And cried, " Sons of Belial ! I've got what wil  
cure ye."

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Billy began to make an oration,

As oft time he had done to bamboozle the nation;

But Hodge cried, " Begone, or I'll crack thy  
young crown for't :

" Thou belong'st to a rare gang of rogues, I'll  
be bound for't :"

Bow wow wow, &c.

" Now Hodge," quoth the wife, " don't you mind  
his loud bant'ring,

" For certain he has under his coat a dark lant-  
horn.

" Shut the gates of the court, if he once gets  
within it,

" He'll whip up the back-stairs, I'll be bound in  
a minute."

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then the wife she went on,---" Can you go for to  
say now,

" Any good upon earth made thee take this bye-  
way now ?

" Thou cam'st to get foot in the house ; that's the  
plan on't ;

" And so let in thy gang, for to make what they  
can on't."

Bow wow wow, &c.

" Don't you hear how the brazen-fac'd rogue  
now pretends, man ?

" He crept up in the dark, but for virtuous ends,  
man !

" He says he's our friend ! but it's no such thing,  
man ;

" The impudent dog would say so to the King,  
man.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Billy perceiving the wife in a fury,  
And knowing his deeds would not stand woman's  
jury ;

Felt

Felt the spirit of Jenky a dangerous potion,  
And roar'd out to Harry to speak for the mo-  
tion.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Harry stept up : but Hodge shrewdly sup-  
posing

His part was to steal, while the other was posing,  
Let fly at poor Billy, and shot thro' his lac'd  
coat :

Oh ! what a pity 'twas it did not hit his waist-  
coat !

Bow wow wow, &c.

Solid men of Boston make no long orations,  
Solid men of Boston banish strong potations ;  
Solid men of Boston go to bed at sun-down,  
And never lose your way like the loggerheads of  
London.

Bow wow wow, &c.

---

# CCXV.

'T WAS I learnt a pretty song in France,

And brought it o'er the seas by chance,

And when in Wapping I did dance,

O the like was never seen !

For I made the music loud for to play,

All for to pass the dull hours away,

And when I had nothing left to say.

Then I sung Fa! de ral tit, tit fal de ral.

Then I sung, &c.



As I was walking down Thames-street,  
 A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd to meet,  
 And I was resolv'd him to treat  
 With a cann of grog, gillio!

A cann of grog they brought us strait,  
 All for to pleasure my ship mate,  
 And satisfaction give him strait.  
 Then I sung, &c.

Some maccaronies then came in,  
 All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim;  
 And thinking for to strike me dumb.—

Some were short, and some were tall,  
 But 'tis very well known I bang'd them all,  
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall.  
 Then I sung, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,  
 As how he wish'd I'd go away,  
 And if I 'tempted for to stay,  
 As how he'd take the law.

Lord d—ne, says I, you may do your worst,  
 For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst,  
 All this, I said, and nothing worse.  
 Then I sung, &c.

And when I've cross'd the raging main,  
 And be come back to Old England again,  
 Of Grog I'll drink galore;  
 With a pretty girl to sit by my side,  
 And for her constantly I'll provide,  
 So that she shall be satisfy'd.  
 Then I'll sing, &c.

## CCXVI.

**T**HE busy crew their sails unbending,  
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd,  
 Jack Oakham all his perils ending,  
 Had made the spot where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging no one dare attack it,  
 Tight fore and aft, above, below,  
 Long quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,  
 With trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,  
 He flew like lightning to the side,  
 Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,  
 Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing pennant gaily flutter'd  
 From her neat made hat of straw,  
 Red was her cheek when first she utter'd,  
 It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,  
 While secure from all alarms,  
 Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,  
 They dart into each other's arms.

## CCXVI.

*Written by J. CUNNINGHAM.*

**O**VER the heath the heifer strays  
 Free ;— (the furrow'd task is done)  
 Now the village windows blaze,  
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now

Now he sets behind the hill,  
 Sinking from a golden sky;  
 Can the pencil's mimic skill,  
 Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the plowmen go,  
 (To the smoking hamlet bound)  
 Giant-like their shadows grow,  
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads  
 Shelter for the lordly dome;  
 To their high-built airy beds,  
 See the rooks returning home.

As the lark with varied tune,  
 Carols to the evening loud;  
 Mark the mild' resplendent moon,  
 Breaking through a parted cloud.

Now the hermit owllet peeps,  
 From the barn or twisted brake:  
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,  
 Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,  
 Playful from it's bosom springs;  
 To the banks a ruffled tide  
 Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,  
 O'er the path-divided dale,  
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,  
 With her well' pois'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,  
 And the Cuckoo bird with two,  
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,  
 Bid the setting sun adieu.

## CCXVII.

**H**OW little do the landsmen know,  
 Of what we sailors feel,  
 When waves do mount and winds do b'ow !  
 But we have hearts of steel :  
 No dangers can affright us,  
 No enemy shall flout :  
 We'll make the monsieurs right us,  
 So tofs the cann about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink,  
 Then France have at your first-rates,  
 For Britons never shrink :  
 We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 We'll bring them in by scores,  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
 Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,  
 With our noble commodore,  
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,  
 And then to sea for more :



In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,  
 In war we'll never fly, boys,  
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,  
 And the royal family.

---

## CCXVIII.

DEAR Chloe come give me sweet kisses,  
 For sweeter no girl ever gave,  
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?  
 I am not to be stinted in pleasure,  
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind;  
 For since I love thee beyond measure,  
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
 Count the flowers that enamel the fields,  
 Count the flocks that on Tempé are straying,  
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;  
 Count how many stars are in heaven,  
 Go number the sands on the shore,  
 And when so many kisses you've given,  
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,  
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;  
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,  
 And twist round thy neck like a vine;

What joy can be greater than this is !  
 My life on thy lips shall be spent :  
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,  
 Will always with few be content.

---

## CCXIX.

BACCHUS, Joves's delighted boy,  
 Gen'rous god of wine and joy,  
 Still exhilarates the soul  
 With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound,  
 Dancing in a festive round ;  
 Then I feel in sparkling wine,  
 Transports delicate, divine.

Then the sprightly music warms,  
 Song delights, and beauty charms ;  
 Debonair, and light and gay,  
 Thus I dance the hours away.

---

## CCXX.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,  
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine ;  
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,  
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's ton.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair ?  
 'Tis a folly, with spirits like mine to despair ;  
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,  
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass.

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,  
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:  
 The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)  
 Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her  
 head,

And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed ;  
 While age, in an extacy, hobbling along,  
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard  
 The largest and deepest, that stands on the board ;  
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair ;  
 'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge me who dare

## CCXXI.

AS I sat on a bank by the side of a river,  
 I thought my dear Jemmy had left me for ever,  
 But while I sat pensively sighing and mourning,  
 Ah ! who should I see but my Jemmy returning ;

I strait

I strait ran to meet him, I threw my arms round  
 him,  
 Still charming, still kind, still constant I found  
 him,  
 With ardor he prest me, ah! who could oppose  
 him,  
 While thus I reveal'd the warm wish of my bo-  
 som.

O stay, my dear Jemmy, thy follies give over,  
 No more leave these plains be no longer a rover,  
 No more seek for glory where cannons loud rattle,  
 Nor leave my fond arms for the sound of a battle;  
 For peace in a cottage and pastoral pleasure,  
 Where love trips with joy in some frolicksome  
 measure,  
 Believe me, my Jemmy, are far more enticing,  
 Than war's empty pomp which you've always  
 been prizing.

My Jemmy smil'd sweetly, the linnets and  
 thrushes,  
 Who chanted their songs from the jessamine  
 bushes,  
 The groves and the plains were so gay and invi-  
 ting,  
 They made him forget his ambition for fighting.  
 He said he should love me, and never would leave  
 me,  
 He gave me his word that he ne'er would deceive me,  
 He swore he'd no more shew his foes his resent-  
 ment,  
 But live with his Polly in rural contentment.



---

CCXXII.

IN the fields, in frost and snows,  
Watching late and early,  
There I kept my Father's cows,  
There I milk'd 'em early;  
Booing here, booing there,  
Here a boo, there a boo, every where a boo.  
We defy all care and strife,  
In a charming country life.

Then at home amongst the fowls  
Watching late and early,  
There I tend my Father's Owls,  
There I feed them early;  
Whooping here, whooping there,  
Here a whoo, there a whoo, every where a whoo.  
We defy all care, &c.

When the Summer Fleeces heap,  
Watching late and early,  
Then I shear'd my Father's Sheep,  
Then I keep them early;  
Baeing here, baeing there,  
Here a bae, there a bae, every where a bae.  
We defy all care, &c.

In the morning, 'ere 'twas light,

In the morning early ;

There I met with my delight,

Once he lov'd me dearly :

Wooing here, wooing there,

Here a woo, there a woo, every where a woo.

O! how free from care, &c.

'Ere the light came from above,

In the morning early,

There I met with my true love,

There I met him early,

Wooing here, wooing there,

Here a woo, there a woo, every where a woo.

O! how free from care, &c.

In the morn at fix o'clock,

In the morning early,

There I fed our Turkey Cock,

There I fed him early;

Cou, cou, goble, goble, goble,

Here a cou, there a cou, every where a cou.

O! how free from care, &c.

In the morning near the Fens,

In the morning early,

There I fed my Father's Hens,

There I fed them early;

Cackle here, cackle there,

Here a cack, there a cack, every where a cack.

O! how free from care, &c.

In the morning with good speed,  
 In the morning early,  
 I my Father's ducks do feed,  
 In the morning early,  
 Quacking here, quacking there,  
 Here a quack, there a quack, every where a  
 quack.

O! how free from care, &c.

In the morning fair and fine,  
 In the morning early,  
 There I feed my Father's Swine,  
 There I feed them early;  
 Grunting here, grunting there,  
 Here a grunt, there a grunt, every where a  
 grunt.

O! how free from care and strife,  
 Is a pleasant Country life.

---

CCXXIII.

*Written by* J. CUNNINGHAM.

IN the barn the tenant cock.  
 Close to partlet perch'd on high,  
 Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock,)  
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.  
 Swiftly from the mountains brow,  
 Shadows nurs'd by night retire:  
 And the peeping sun beams, now,  
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
 Plaintive where she prates at night :  
 And the Lark, to meet the morn,  
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,  
 See the chatt'ring Swallow spring ;  
 Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,  
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,  
 Gently greets the morning gale :  
 Kidlings now begin to crop  
 Daisies, on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,  
 (Restless 'till her task be done)  
 Now the busy Bee's employ'd,  
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,  
 Where the limped stream distills,  
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock,  
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn  
 ('Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
 Anxious:---whilst the huntsmen's horn,  
 Bolding founding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet---O sweet, the warbling throng,  
 On the white emblossom'd spray !  
 Nature's universal song  
 Echoes to the rising day.



## CCXXIV.

*Written by Captain MORRIS.*

IF life's a rough journey, as moralists tell,  
 Englishmen sure make the best on't ;  
 On this spot of the earth they bade liberty dwell,  
 Whilst slavery holds all the rest on't.  
 They thought, the best solace for labour and care  
 Was a state independent and free, Sir :  
 And this thought, tho' a curse that no tyrant can  
 bear,

Is the blessing of you and of me, Sir.  
 Then while thro' this whirl about journey we reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

The car of Britannia, all must allow,  
 Is ready to crack with its load, Sir ;  
 And, wanting the hand of experience, will now  
 Most surely break down on the road, Sir !  
 Then must we, poor passengers, quietly wait  
 To be crush'd by this mischievous spark, Sir,  
 Who drives a damn'd job in the carriage of state,  
 And got up like a thief in the dark, Sir ?  
 Then while thro', &c.

They say that his judgment is mellow and pure,  
 And his principles Virtue's own type, Sir,  
 I believe from my soul, he's a son of a w---,  
 And his judgment more rotten than ripe, Sir.

For

For all that he boasts of, what is it, in truth,  
 But that mad with ambition and pride, Sir :  
 H' has the vices of age for the follies of youth,  
 And a damn'd deal of cunning beside, Sir.  
 Then while thro', &c.

The 'squire, whose reason ne'er reaches a span,  
 Are all with this prodigy struck, Sir;  
 And cry, " 'Tis a crime not to vote for a man,  
 " Who's as chaste as a baby at suck, Sir !"  
 But pray, let me ask, had his virtue prevail'd,  
 What soul would to heaven come near, Sir ?  
 Not one ; for the whole generation had fail'd,  
 And God's creatures had never been here,  
 Sir.

Then while thro', &c.

Its true he has a pretty good gift of the gab,  
 And was taught by his dad on a stool, Sir ;  
 But tho' at a speech he's a bit of a dab,  
 In the state he's a bit of a tool, Sir.  
 For Billy's pure love for his country was such,  
 He agreed to become the cat's paw, Sir !  
 And sits at the helm, while 'tis turn'd by the touch  
 Of a reprobate fiend of the law, Sir !

Then while thro' &c.

Tho' reason united a N---h and a F---x,  
 The world of this junction complain, Sir :  
 But what's that to his, who join'd, with a pox,  
 To the cabinet pimp of the Thane, Sir !

Who

Who sold to a high-flying Jacobite gang  
 The credit of Chatham's great name, Sir !  
 That pleas'd we might hear the young puppet ha-  
                   rangue,

While J--nk--f--n plays the old game, Sir !  
                   Then while thro', &c.

They say, his fine parts are a mighty good prop  
 To push up Britannia's affairs, Sir !  
 But we all of us know tho' he stands at the top,  
 Her bottom will will die in despair, Sir.  
 Then with freemen, who on a fair bottom would  
                   tread,

Here's a toast that I'm sure must prevail, Sir ;  
 Britannia, and may he ne'er stand at her head,  
 Who never can stand at her tail, Sir !  
                   Then while thro', &c.

## CCXXV.

SHALL I, waiving in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair ?  
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,  
 'Cause another's rosy are ?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flow'ry meads in May ;  
     Yet, if she think not well of me,  
     What care I how fair she be ?

Shall a woman's goodness move  
 Me to perish for her love ;  
 Or, her worthy merits known,  
 Make me quite forget my own ?

Be she with that goodness blest,  
 As may merit name the best ;  
 Yet, if she be not so to me,  
 What care I how good she be ?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,  
 I will never more despair ;  
 If she love me, this believe  
 I will die 'ere she shall grieve ;  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I will scorn, and let her go :  
 So if she be not fit for me,  
 What care I for whom she be ?

---

 CCXXVI.

*Tune, John Anderson my Jo.*

'TIS not your beauty, nor your wit,  
 That can my heart obtain ;  
 For they cou'd never conquer yet,  
 Either my breast or brain :  
 For if you'll not prove kind to me,  
 And true as heretofore,  
 Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,  
 Nor dote upon you more.  
 Think not my fancy to o'ercome.  
 By proving thus unkind ;  
 No smoothed slight, nor smiling frown,  
 Can satisfy my mind :  
 Pray let Platonics play such pranks,  
 Such follies I deride ;  
 For love, at least, I will have thanks,  
 And something else beside.

Then



Then open-hearted be with me,  
 As I shall be with you,  
 And let our actions be as free  
 As virtue will allow;  
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,  
 If true, I'll constant be:  
 If fortune chance to change your mind,  
 I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections, well ye know,  
 In equal terms do stand,  
 'Tis in your pow'r to love or no,  
 Mine's likewise in my hand.  
 Dispense with your austerity,  
 Unconstancy abhor,  
 Or, by great Cupid's deity,  
 I'll never love you more.

---

-CCXXVII.

**O**FT I'm by the women told,  
 Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old.  
 Whether I grow old, or no,  
 By th' effects I do not know;  
 But this I know, without being told,  
 'Tis mine to live if I grow old:  
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,  
 Of little life the most to make,  
 And manage wisely the last stake.

CCXXVIII.

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CCXXVIII.

*Written by Captain THOMPSON.*

HERE a set of good fellows meet oft to debate,  
And settle the stomach as well as the state ;  
For without a full belly, pray what is the pate ?  
Oh, the beef-steaks of Old England.  
Oh, the Old English beef-steaks.

I ne'er knew an Englishman ever could write,  
Or, if empty, feel bold with a Frenchman to fight ;  
John Bull can't be brave till he once gets a bite  
Of the beef-steaks of Old England.

Queen Bess, our great mistress, amongst us was bred,  
Sir Loin was the knight, whom she dubb'd on the  
head,  
And her fair maids of honour on beef always fed.  
Oh, the beef-steaks of Old England.

At our club we will have no political jar,  
We'll here be at peace, tho' the world be at war ;  
Our broils are alone at the gridiron bar.  
With the beef-steaks of Old England.

Ye poets, pray carol no more of the nine,  
The girls of the garden are far more divine,  
For this is the spot for wit, women, and wine,  
And the beef-steaks of Old England.

A bumper, cries Bacchus, a bumper put round,  
To the head that is good, and the heart that is  
found,

And may mirth and good fellowship ever abound,  
With the beef-steaks of Old England,  
With the Old English beef-steaks.

---

CCXXIX.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

BE it known to all those whosoe'er it regards,  
That we singers of ballads were always call'd bards;  
And from Ida to Grub-street the muses-who follow  
Are each mother's son the true spawn of Apollo :  
Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star,  
Or the spheres, or a jew's-harp, we're all on a par ;  
Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,  
For Homer sung ballads and so do I.

Don't you know what the ancients were ?---great  
things they talk'd,

How they rode upon Pegasus---that's to say,  
walk'd ;

That near kindred gods they drove Phœbus's cha-  
riot,

The English of which is---they liv'd in a garret :  
And thus they went forward, Diogenes quaff'd,  
Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd,  
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,  
But Homer sung ballads and so do I.

Thus

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue,  
 Some argued on one leg, and some upon two;  
 To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic,  
 For 'tis certainly clear I'm a parapatetic:  
 Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,  
 Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other,  
 Old songs such as mine are will nobody buy?  
 Come, Homer sung ballads and so do I.

Historic was Pliny, and Plato divine,  
 Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine,  
 Great Cicero argued to every man's palate,  
 And when he was out---'twas a hole in the ballad;  
 Thus to great men of old, who have made such a  
 rout,

My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out,  
 And if any hereafter my right should deny,  
 Tell 'em Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

---

# CCXXX.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**SMILING** grog is the sailor's best hope, his sheet  
 anchor,

His compass, his cable, his log,  
 That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot  
 canker,

Though dangers around him

Unite to confound him,

He braves them and tips off his grog.

'Tis grog, only grog,

Is his rudder, his compass, his cable his log.

The sailor's sheet anchor is grog.



What though he to a friend, in trust,  
 His prize money convey,  
 Who to his bond of faith unjust,  
 Cheats him, and runs away ;

What's to be done ? he vents a curse  
 'Gainst all false hearts ashore,  
 Of the remainder clears his purse,  
 And then to sea for more.

There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore  
 To know no other charms,  
 He finds, when he returns ashore,  
 Clasp'd in a rival's arms :

What's to be done ? he vents a curse,  
 And seeks a kinder she,  
 Dances, gets groggy, clear his purse,  
 And goes again to sea.

To crosses born, still trusting there,  
 The waves less faithless than the fair ;  
 There into toils to rush again,  
 And stormy perils brave---what then  
 Smiling grog, &c.

---

CCXXXI.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,  
 Ambition is nothing to me ;  
 The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,  
 Is a mind independent and free.

By

By passion unruff'd, untainted with pride,  
 By reason my life let me square;  
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,  
 And the rest are but folly and care,

Those blessings which providence kindly has lent,  
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;  
 Whilst sweet meditation and chearful content  
 Will make me both happy and wise.

How vainly thro' infinite trouble and strife  
 The many their labours employ?  
 When all that is truly delightful in life  
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

---

 CCXXXII.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,  
 Source of all sublime delights;  
 Which, with mutual inclinations,  
 Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,  
 If compar'd with true content?  
 That false joy which now bewitches,  
 When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passions bring vexation,  
 But a chaste and constant love  
 Is a glorious emulation  
 Of the blissful state above.

## CCXXXIII.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,  
 Fair Rosalie a rustic maid;  
 They met, they lov'd; each other's joy,  
 Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,  
 Nor wou'd their happiness delay;  
 To-morrow's dawn their bliss shou'd prove,  
 To-morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,  
 Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,  
 One luckless lamb the current took,  
 'Twas Rosalie's---she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite saviour,  
 Too fatally the youth obey'd:  
 He ran, he plung'd into the wave,  
 To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,  
 When faint and sunk, young Lubin dies;  
 Ah, Rosalie! for ever more,  
 In this cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank--oh! still be seen,  
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;  
 And with sad leaves of cypress green,  
 For ever sooth thy Lubin's shade.

## CCXXXIV.

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 CCXXXIV.

ON the lone bank where Lubin died,  
 Fair Rosalie a wretched maid,  
 Sat weeping o'er the cruel tides  
 Faithful to her Lubin's shade;  
 Oh! may some blithsome gentle wave,  
 Waft him to this mournful shore;  
 These tender hands shou'd make his grave,  
 And deck his corps with flowers o'er.  
 I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,  
 And pray for his eternal rest;  
 When time his form has worn away,  
 His dust I'd place within my breast:  
 While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,  
 And echo to her grief replied;  
 Lo at her feet his corpse was toss'd,  
 She shriek'd! she clasp'd him, sigh'd and  
 dy'd.

---

 CCXXXV.

*Written by General BURGOTNE.*

THE sleepless bird, from eve to morn,  
 Renews her plaintive strain;  
 Presses her bosom to the thorn,  
 And courts th' inspiring pain.  
 But, ah! how vain the skill of song,  
 To wake the vocal air;  
 With passion trembling on the tongue,  
 And in the heart despair.

## CCXXXVI.



## CCXXXVI.

IN vain dear Chloe, you suggest,  
That I, inconstant, have possess'd,  
Or lov'd a fairer she :  
Wou'd you with ease at once be cur'd,  
Of all the ills you've long endur'd,  
Consult your glass and me.

If then you think, that I can find  
A nymph more fair, or one more kind,  
You've reason for your fears ;  
But if impartial you will prove  
To your own beauty and my love,  
How needless are your tears.

If in my way I should, by chance,  
Give, or receive a wanton glance,  
I like but while I view ;  
How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,  
Compar'd to that substantial bliss,  
Which I receive from you !

With wanton flight the curious Bee  
From flow'r to flow'r still wanders free,  
And where each blossom blows,  
Extracts the juice from all he meets ;  
But for his quintessence of sweets,  
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,  
 In each variety of joy,  
 From nymph to nymph do roam;  
 Perhaps see fifty in a day:  
 They're all but visits which I pay,  
 For Chloe's fill my home.

---

 CCXXXVII.

*Written by Mrs. BARBAUD.*

AS near a weeping spring reclin'd,  
 The beauteous Araminta pin'd;  
 And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth;  
 While dying echoes caught the sound  
 And spread the soft complaints around  
 Of broken vows and alter'd truth.

An aged shepherd heard her moan,  
 And thus in pity's kindest tone  
 Address'd the lost despairing maid:  
 " Cease, cease, unhappy fair, to grieve,  
 " For sounds tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve  
 " A breaking heart by love betray'd."

" Why shou'dst thou wait such precious show'rs,  
 " That fall like dew on wither'd flow'rs,  
 " But dying passion ne'er restor'd:  
 " In Beauty's empire is no mean,  
 " And woman, either slave or queen,  
 " Is quickly scorn'd when not ador'd."

" Those,

" Those liquid pearls from either eye,  
" Which might an Eastern empire buy,  
" Unvalued here and fruitless fall ;  
" No art the season can renew,  
" When love was young and Damon true,  
" No tears a wand'ring heart recal."  
" Cease, cease, to grieve, thy tears are vain,  
" Shou'd those fair orbs in drops of rain  
" Vie with a weeping Southern sky :  
" For hearts o'ercome with love and grief  
" All nature yields but one relief ;  
" Die, hapless Araminta, die."

---

CCXXXVIII.

**L**OVELY charmer, dearest creature,  
Kind invader of my heart ;  
Grac'd with ev'ry gift of nature,  
Grac'd with ev'ry help of art.  
Oh! could I but make thee love me,  
As thy charms my heart have mov'd,  
None cou'd e'er be blest above me ;  
None cou'd e'er be more belov'd.

---

CCXXXIX.

**S**AW you the nymph whom I adore,  
Saw you the goddess of my heart ?  
And can you bid me love no more,  
Or can you think I feel no smart ?

So many charms around her shine,  
 Who can the dear temptation fly?  
 Spite of her scorn she's so divine,  
 That I must love her, tho' I die.

---

 CCXL.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth combine,  
 In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,  
 Why was I born, ye Gods, to see  
 What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,  
 My heart was lively, blithe and gay,  
 Cou'd sport with ev'ry nymph but she  
 Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, e'er too late,  
 That death must be my hapless fate,  
 If love and you do not agree,  
 To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome wood I rove,  
 Reflecting on the pains of love,  
 And envy ev'ry clown I see  
 Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,  
 And ev'ry idle care disdain;  
 We'll live in sweet tranquility,  
 Nor wish for greater liberty.

## CCXLI.



## CCXLI.

SAYS Plato, why shou'd man be vain,  
 Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great ?  
 Why looketh he with insolent disdain,  
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?  
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,  
 Or all the gems that deck the fair,  
 Can all the glories of a crown,  
 Give health or ease the brow of care.

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,  
 The humble, and the haughty die ;  
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,  
 In dust, without distinction lie :  
 Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,  
 Who once the greatest titles wore,  
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,  
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,  
 And spreads along the gilded train ;  
 When shot---'tis gone---its beauty dies---  
 Dissolves to common air again.  
 So 'tis with us my jovial souls,  
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay ;  
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,  
 When Jove commands we must obey.

## CCXLII.

## CCXLII.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,  
 None like him could hand, reef, and steer,  
 No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,  
 With skill, and in contempt of fear :  
 In fight a lion, the battle ended,  
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove ;  
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit---  
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,  
 For none of these had Jack regard :  
 He, while his messmates were carousing,  
 High sitting on the pendant yard,  
 Would think upon his fair-one's beauties,  
 Swear never from such charms to rove,  
 That truly he'd adore them living,  
 And, dying, sigh---to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded  
 Once more to view their native land,  
 Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,  
 Would it had been his love's fair hand !  
 Oh fate !---her death defac'd the letter,  
 Instant his pulse forgot to move,  
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,  
 He heav'd a sigh---and dy'd for love.

CCXLIII.

LOUD toll'd the stern bellman at night,  
When Mary dejected and sad,  
To the turf had directed her flight,  
Wherein her cold lover lay clad.

How long my lov'd Sandy she cry'd,  
Must my heart in sad anguish complain;  
How long till in death we're ally'd,  
And fate cannot part us again.

Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb,  
Come Mary, it cries, come away,  
To partake of thy lover's sad doom,  
And rest thee beside his cold clay.

I hear the kind call and I come,  
Ye friends and companions adieu,  
I haste to my Sandy's dark tomb,  
To die in his bosom so true.

I hear the kind call and obey,  
Ah! Sandy receive me! she cry'd,  
Then breathing a sigh o'er his clay,  
She hung on his tombstone and dy'd.

---

CCXLIV.

WHEN first I saw the graceful move,  
Ah me! what meant my throbbing breast?  
Say, soft confusion, art thou love?  
If love thou art, then farewell rest!

Since

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,  
 Tho' hopeless of a warm return,  
 Yet, kill me not with cold despair;  
 But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain  
 Those gentle smiles did first create :  
 And tho' you cannot love again,  
 In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

---

CCXLV.

CAN then a look create a thought,  
 Which time can ne'er remove?  
 Yes, foolish heart, again thou'rt caught,  
 Again thou bleed'st for love.

She sees the conquest of her eyes,  
 Nor heals the wounds she gave;  
 She smiles when e'er his blushes rise;  
 And, sighing, shuns her slave.

Then swain, be hold, and still adore her,  
 Still her flying charms pursue;  
 Love and friendship both implore her,  
 Pleading night and day for you.

---

CCXLVI.

*From the French. By Mr. GARRICK.*

HOW imperfect is expression,  
 Some emotions to impart,  
 When we mean a soft confession,  
 And yet seek to hide the heart!



When our bosoms all complying,  
 With delicious tumults swell,  
 And beat, what broken, fault'ring, dying,  
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusions, rosy terror,  
 Quite expressive point my cheek,  
 Ask no more,—behold your error,---  
 Blushes eloquently speak.

What though silent is my anguish,  
 Or breath'd only to the air,  
 Mark my eyes---and as they languish,  
 Read what your's had written there.

Oh ! that you could once deceive me,  
 Once my soul's strong feelings view !  
 Love has nought more fond, believe me ;  
 Friendship nothing half so true.

From you, I am wild, despairing ;  
 With you, speechless as I touch ;  
 This is all that bears declaring,---  
 And perhaps declares too much.

## CCXLVII.

*The same by* VOLTAIRE.

HARLEY, would you know the passion  
 You have rais'd within my breast ?  
 Trifling is the inclination  
 That by words can be express'd !

In

In my silence see the lover ;  
 True love is by silence known :  
 In my eyes you'll best discover,  
 All the powers of your own.

---

 CCXLVIII.

**W**HEN my money was gone that I gain'd in  
 the wars,  
 And the world it did frown at my fate,  
 What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,  
 When indifference stood at each gate.  
 The face that wou'd smile when my purse was  
 well lin'd,  
 Shews a different aspect to me,  
 And when I cou'd naught but ingratitude find,  
 I hied me again to the sea.  
 I thought 'twas unjust to pine at my lot,  
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,  
 I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,  
 And a trifle, alas! was my store.  
 A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
 Which over my shoulder I threw,  
 Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,  
 To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubl'd by far than my mind,  
 And when the wide main I survey'd,  
 I could not help thinking the world was unkind,  
 And fortune a slippery jade.

I swear if once more I can take her in tow,  
 I'll let the ungrateful ones see,  
 That the turbulent winds and the billows cou'd  
 show,  
 More kindness than they did to me.

---

CCXLIX.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring  
 With hollow blasts of wind,  
 A damsel lay deploring,  
 All on a rock reclin'd;  
 Wide o'er the roaring billows  
 She cast a wishful look,  
 Her head was crown'd with willows,  
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious days;  
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the seas?  
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,  
 And let my lover rest:  
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
 To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure  
 Views tempests in despair,  
 But what's the loss of treasure  
 To losing of my dear?  
 Shou'd you some coast be laid on  
 Where gold and diamonds grow  
 You'd find a richer maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature  
 Has nothing made in vain;  
 Why then beneath the water  
 Do hideous rocks remain?  
 No eyes those rocks discover,  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,  
 Repaid each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear:  
 When, o'er the white waves flooping,  
 His floating corps she spy'd;  
 Then, like a lilly, drooping,  
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

---

CCL.

METHOUGHT I little Cupid saw  
 Aftride a tun above;  
 And Bacchus, with a nymph below,  
 Devoutly making love.

Friend



Friend, said the laughing god, you see,  
 How we our pleasure join ;  
 Not always beauty pleases me,  
 Nor always Bacchus wine :

But while we interchange our bliss,  
 We feel renewing charms ;  
 He with fresh joy flies back to this,  
 And I to Celia's arms.

## CCLI.

*Written by Mr. DIEDIN.*

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave  
 Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,  
 When in the mizen top his stand  
 Tom Clueline taking, spied the land ;  
 Oh what reward for all his toil !  
 Once more he views his native soil,  
 Once more he thanks indulgent fate,  
 That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,  
 Tender and plaintive as her woe,  
 Serene was the attentive eve,  
 That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.  
 ' Oh what avails,' cried she, ' my pain ?  
 ' He's swallow'd in the greedy main !  
 ' Ah never shall I welcome home,  
 ' With tender joy my honest Tom.'

Now

Now high upon the faithful shroud,  
 The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,  
 While objects from the mist arise,  
 A feast presents Tom's longing eyes ;  
 A ribband near his heart which lay,  
 Now see him on his hat display,  
 The given sign to shew that fate  
 Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff whose heights command  
 A prospect of the shelly strand,  
 While Kitty fate and fortune blamed,  
 Sudden, with rapture, she exclaimed,  
 ' But see, Oh heaven ! a ship in view,  
 ' My Tom appears among the crew,  
 ' The pledge he swore to bring safe home  
 ' Streams on his hat--'tis honest Tom.'

What now remains were easy told,  
 Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold,  
 Now rich enough no more to roam,  
 To serve his king, he stays at home :  
 Recounts each toil, and shews each scar,  
 While Kitty and her constant tar  
 With rev'rence teach to bless their fates  
 Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

---

CCLII.

**WERE** I to chuse the greatest bliss,  
That e'er in love was known,  
Twou'd be the highest of my wish,  
T' enjoy your heart alone.

Kings might possess their kingdoms free,  
And crowns unenvy'd wear;  
They shou'd no rival have of me,  
Might I reign monarch there.

---

CCLIII.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**SING** the loves of John and Jean,  
Sing the loves of Jean and John;  
John, for her, would leave a queen,  
Jean, for him, the noblest don.

She's his queen,

He's her don;

John loves Jean,

And Jean loves John,

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean  
Is sure to burst the sides of John,  
Does she, for grief, look thin and lean,  
He instantly is pale and wan;

Thin

Thin and lean,  
 Pale and wan,  
 John loves Jean,  
 And Jean loves John.

'Twas the lily hand of Jean  
 Fill'd the glass of happy John ;  
 And, heavens ! how joyful was she seen  
 When he was for a license gone !  
 Joyful seen,  
 They'll dance anon,  
 For John weds Jean,  
 And Jean weds John.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean,  
 Jean's become the spouse of John,  
 She no longer is his queen,  
 He no longer is her don.  
 No more queen,  
 No more don ;  
 John hates Jean,  
 And Jean hates John.

Whatever 'tis that pleases Jean,  
 Is certain now to displease John ;  
 With scolding they've grown thin and lean,  
 With spleen and spite they're pale and wan.  
 Thin and lean,  
 Pale and wan,  
 John hates Jean,  
 And Jean hates John.

John



John prays heaven to take his Jean,  
 Jean at the devil wishes John ;  
 He'll dancing on her grave be seen,  
 She'll laugh when he is dead and gone.  
 They'll gay be seen,  
 Dead and gone,  
 For John hates Jean,  
 And Jean hates John.

---

## CCLIV.

*Written by W. SHENSTONE, Esq.*

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,  
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,  
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,  
 And there thy vocal art display.  
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
 And if she praise thy matin song,  
 Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear,  
 To Damon's native plains belong.  
 Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,  
 The bird from India's grove may shine ;  
 But ask the lovely partial maid,  
 What are his notes compar'd to thine.  
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,  
 And all his flaunting race, with scorn ;  
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe.  
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

CCLV.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**I** SAIL'D in the good ship the Kitty,  
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea,  
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,  
Safe here at an anchor, Yo Yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,  
And cry'd now be constant to me ;  
I told her not to be down hearted,  
So up went the anchor, Yo Yea.

And from that time, no worse nor no better,  
I've thought on just nothing but she ;  
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,  
She's my best bower anchor, Yo Yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,  
And the storm came on weather and lea,  
The hope I with her should be harbour'd  
Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea.

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,  
I return'd with no rhino from sea,  
Mistress Polly would never receive me,  
So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea.

---

CCLVI.

MY heart is ev'ry beauty's prey,  
And does my pow'r disown ;  
I ne'er could keep it one whole day,  
And now 't has been so long away,  
I know not where 'tis flown.

But if the fair that finds this stray,  
Will kindly give it room :  
Or teach it better to obey,  
Her care with double thanks I'll pay,  
And take the rambler home.

---

CCLVII.

AS swift as time, put round the glass,  
And husband well life's little space ;  
Perhaps the sun, which shines so bright,  
May set in everlasting night.

Or if the sun again should rise,  
Death ere the morn may close our eyes ;  
Then drink before it be too late,  
And snatch the present hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,  
Let mirth, and wit, and wine abound ;  
In these alone true wisdom lies ;  
For to be merry's to be wise.

CCLVIII.

## CCLVIII.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,  
 My jib how she smack'd through the breeze,  
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy  
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Briton,  
 Our girls, and our dear native shore,  
 For if some hard rock we should split on,  
 We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers,  
 Great guns let it blow high, blow low,  
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,  
 And where the gales drive we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,  
 I verily thought she'd have sunk,  
 For the wind so began for to alter,  
 She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.

The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,  
 Helm a weather the hoarse boatswain cries,  
 Brace the forefail athwart, see she quivers,  
 As before the rough tempest she flies.

But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,  
 As black just as pitch was the sky,  
 When truly a doleful disaster  
 Befel three poor sailors and I.



Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,  
 By a blast that came furious and hard,  
 Just while we were furling the mainsail,  
 Were every soul swept from the yard.  
 But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,  
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,  
 While they sink down in peace to old Davy,  
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.  
 Well what would you have, we were stranded,  
 And out of a fine jolly crew  
 Of three hundred that failed, never landed  
 But I and I think twenty-two.  
 But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,  
 Another guess way sat the wind,  
 For to England I came and got married,  
 To a lass that was comely and kind ;  
 But whether from joy or vexation  
 We know not for what we were born,  
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,  
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.  
 But sailors, &c.

---

CCLIX.

*Written by* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,  
 These walls can but echo my moan,  
 Alas ! it increases my pain,  
 When I think on the days that are gone.

Thro'

Thro' the gate of my prison I see,  
 The birds as they wanton in air;  
 My heart how it pants to be free,  
 My looks they are wild with despair.

Above tho' oppress'd by my fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes;  
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,  
 She ne'er can subdue me to those:  
 False woman in ages to come,  
 Thy malice detested shall be;  
 And when we are cold in the tomb,  
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,  
 With silence and solitude dwell;  
 How comfortless passes the day,  
 How sad tolls the ev'ning bell:  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around;  
 O Mary prepare thee to die;  
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

---

CCLX.

*Written by Lord LITTLETON,*

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love  
 A stranger to that mind,  
 Which pity and esteem can move,  
 Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share,  
 The ills that love molest ;  
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,  
 That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas ! by some degree of woe,  
 We ev'ry bliss must gain ;  
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
 That never feels a pain.

## CCLXI.

*Written by General BURGoyNE.*

**W**HEN first this humble roof I knew,  
 With various cares I strove ;  
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
 My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
 The spring our drink bestow'd ;  
 But, when the lip the brim had press'd,  
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd,  
 No other guests came nigh :  
 In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)  
 What gold cou'd never buy.

No value has a splendid lot,  
 But as the means to prove :  
 That, from the castle to the cot,  
 The all of life is love.

## CCLXII.

*Written by G. A. STEVENS.*

LOOK round, my love! how chang'd the scene,  
So late white o'er'd with snow;  
Now, ray'd in flow'r enamel'd green,  
How rich the meadows shew.

The sun creative pow'r resumes,  
And warms the breezy air;  
The bursting buds expand their blooms,  
While birds their nests prepare.

The herds and flocks on herbage feed,  
Sweet Spring renews its pride;  
The ice-bound stream from fetters freed,  
Now, tinkling, roll their tide.

On leafless boughs, no candied frost  
In icicles appears;  
But, as in grief for winter lost,  
Dissolving into tears.

Thus sordid, senseless human kind  
But mere existence prove:  
Till beauty's sun-shine opes the mind,  
And melts the mass to love.

For, spite of wealth, or pow'r's controul,  
Of all the wise can say;  
Till woman warms the frozen soul,  
We are but clods of clay.



CCLXIII.

**T**HIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,  
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;  
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

The frost nips the bud and the rose cannot blow;  
From youth that is frost-nipt no pleasure's can flow,  
Elysium to him but a desert will prove,  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The spring shou'd be warm, the young season be gay,  
Her birds and her flow'ret's make blithsome sweet  
May;

Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove;  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

---

CCLXIV.

*Written by W. JACKSON.*

**T**IME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,  
Nor bent me with his iron hand  
O! why so soon the blossom tear,  
'Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,  
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;  
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,  
And sing of love 'ere I grow old.

CCLXV.

## CCLXV.

*Written by W. SHENSTONE.*

THE rising sun thro' all the grove  
 Diffus'd a gladfome ray ;  
 My Lucy smil'd, and talk'd of love,  
 And ev'ry thing look'd gay.

But, oh ! the fatal hour was come,  
 That forc'd me from my dear ;  
 My Lucy then thro' grief was dumb,  
 Or spoke but by a tear.

Now far from her and bliss I roam,  
 All nature wears a change ;  
 The azure sky seems wrapt in gloom,  
 And ev'ry place looks strange.

Those flow'ry fields, this verdant scene,  
 Yon larks that tow'ring sing ;  
 With sad contrast increase my spleen,  
 And make me loathe the spring.

My books, that wont to soothe the mind  
 No longer now can please ;  
 There only those amusement find,  
 That have a mind at ease,

Nay, life itself is tasteless grown,  
 From Lucy whilst I stray ;  
 Sick of the world, I muse alone,  
 And sigh the live-long day.

## CCLXVI.

CCLXVI.

WHEN Western breezes fan the shore,  
And gently swell the azure wave,  
I yield unto the soft'ning pow'r ;  
(The Muses transport then would grieve.)

When loud the thick'ning tempests fly,  
Enrage and dash the foaming floods :  
From the rude scene I trembling hie,  
And plunge into the safer woods.

Nor sea, nor deaf'ning din, is there,  
The stormy fury straight does please ;  
I hear it sounding from afar,  
It sings and murmurs thro' the trees.

A fisherman I would not live,  
Who labours in the pathless deep :  
Whose cruel heart is to deceive,  
Whose dwelling is a brittle ship.

Let me my bleating ewes attend,  
(Harmless myself, and blest as they ;)  
With them my morning-steps I'll bend,  
With them I'll wait the closing day.

Now underneath a plane tree laid,  
Or careless by a lulling stream,  
Let me enjoy the cooling shade,  
Or sweetly sink into a dream.

CCLXVII.

CCLXVII.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,  
Or ventures on the yard,  
The landman, who no better knows,  
Believes his lot his hard ;  
But Jack with smiles each danger meets,  
Casts anchor, heaves the log,  
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,  
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell,  
The vessel rudely bear,  
Now sinking in a hollow dell,  
Now quiv'ring in the air.  
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,  
You ne'er hear him repine,  
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,  
Or burning near the line.  
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,  
To quarters all repair,  
While splinter'd masts go by the board,  
And shots sing through the air,  
Bold Jack, &c.



## CCLXVIII.

*Written by W. SHENSTONE, Esq.*

SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,  
How bright beneath the bush it glows:  
How safely there it lurks conceal'd,  
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The Sun with warm attractive rays,  
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:  
A blast descends from eastern skies,  
And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair, your charms divine,  
And check the fond desire to shine,  
Where fame's transporting rays allure,  
While here more happy, more secure,

The breath of some neglected maid  
Shall make you sigh, you left the shade;  
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,  
As, to the rose, an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd, " You first, my swain,  
" Confine your sonnets to the plain,  
" One envious tongue alike disarms,  
" You, of your wit,---me of my charms.

" What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill?  
" Or what, unknown, the poet's skill?  
" What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,  
" Or what the rose's blush, unseen?"

CCLXIX.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

A TINKER I am,  
My name's Natty Sam,  
From morn to night I trudge it;  
So low is my fate,  
My personal estate  
Lies all within this budget.  
Work for the tinker ho! good wives,  
For they are lads of mettle---  
'Twere well if you could mend your lives  
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war,  
The man of the bar,  
Physicians, priests, free-thinkers,  
That rove up and down  
Great London town,  
What are they all but tinkers?  
Work for the tinker, &c.

Those 'mong the great  
Who tinker the state,  
And badger the minority,  
Pray what's the end  
Of their work, my friend,  
But to rivet a good majority?  
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,  
 That cobbles his fame,  
 That tinkers his reputation :  
 And thus had I time,  
 I could prove, in my rhyme,  
 Jolly tinkers of all the nation.  
 Work for the tinker, &c.

---

## CCLXX.

SEE, see, like Venus she appears,  
 With all her heaven of charms !  
 Her spotless form, her blooming years,  
 Enchant me to her arms.

Were I to chuse my fav'rite joy,  
 Or love, or kingly sway,  
 Her smiles would all my hours employ,  
 And sport the world away.

---

## CCLXXI.

SOME hoist up fortune to the skies,  
 Others debase her to a bubble :  
 I nor her frowns nor favours prize,  
 Nor think the chang'ling worth my trouble.

If at my door she chance to light,  
 I civilly my guest receive :  
 The visit paid, I bid good night ;  
 Nor murmur when she takes her leave.

Tho'

Tho' prosp'rous gales my canvas crowd,  
 Tho' smoooth the waves, serene the sky,  
 I trust not calms, they storms forbode,  
 And speak th' approaching tempest nigh.

Then Virtue, to the helm repair,  
 Thou, Innocence, shall guide the oar;  
 Now rage, ye winds, storms, rend the air,  
 My bark, thus mann'd, shall gain the shore.

---

CCLXXII.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,  
 More fragrant than the damask rose;  
 Soft as the down of turtle-dove,  
 Gentle as air when zephyr blows:  
 Refreshing as descending rains  
 The sun-burnt-climes, and thirsty plains,  
 True as the needle to the pole,  
 Or as the dial to the sun:  
 Constant as gliding waters roll,  
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon:  
 From ev'ry other charmer free,  
 My life and love shall follow thee.  
 The lamb, the flow'ry thyme devours,  
 The dam the tender kid pursues,  
 Sweet Philomel in shady bow'rs  
 Of verdant spring her note renews:  
 All follow what they most admire,  
 As I pursue my soul's desire.



Nature must change her beauteous face,  
 And vary as the seasons rise ;  
 As winter to the spring gives place,  
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies :  
 No change on love the season bring,  
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,  
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;  
 Ev'n marble tow'rs, and walls of brass,  
 In his rude march he levels low :  
 But time, destroying far and wide,  
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,  
 The gentle godhead can remove,  
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,  
 To mingle with the blest above :  
 Where known to all his kindred train,  
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair, the Soul,  
 Twin-born from heav'n together came ;  
 Love will the universe controul,

When dying seasons lose their name :  
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,  
 When time and death shall be no more.

---

CCLXXIII.

TEACH me, Chloe, how to prove  
 My boasted flame sincere :  
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,  
 And hard to hide my care.

Sleep

Sleep in vain displays her charms,  
 To bribe my soul to rest;  
 Vainly spreads her silken arms,  
 And courts me to her breast.

Where can Strephon find repose,  
 If Chloe is not there?  
 For ah! no peace his bosom knows,  
 When absent from the fair.

What tho' Phœbus from on high  
 With-holds his chearful ray,  
 Thine eyes can well his light supply,  
 And give me more than day.

## CCLXXIV.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,  
 Will you never ease my pain?  
 Must I die for every feature?  
 Must I always love in vain?  
 The desire of admiration  
 Is the pleasure you pursue:  
 Prithee, try a lasting passion,  
 Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you,  
 For a lover ought to dare:  
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,  
 Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy ways befeeming?  
 Will my dear be fickle still?  
 Conquest is the joy of women,  
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torments fill me,  
 And my deep'rate thoughts increase;  
 Pray consider, if you kill me,  
 You will have a lover less.  
 If your wand'ring heart is beating  
 For new lovers, let it be;  
 But when you have done coquetting,  
 Name a day and fix on me.

---

CCLXXV.

THE wounded deer flies swift away,  
 The bearded arrow in his side;  
 Still vainly hoping that he may  
 Mix'd with the herd, 'scape unespied.  
 But oh! the moment that they see  
 The streaming blood flow from his wound,  
 They shun him to his misery,  
 And leave him dying on the ground.  
 Thus the poor nymph, who, sore distressed,  
 Has gaz'd her liberty away,  
 To all the world becomes a jest,  
 And falls of stand'rous tongues the prey.

## CCLXXVI.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**I** WAS, d'ye see, a waterman,  
 As tight and spruce as any,  
 'Twixt Richmond town  
 And Horsley down  
 I earn'd an honest penny :  
 None could of fortune's favours brag  
 More than could lucky I,  
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,  
 My grunter in the sty :  
 With wherry tight  
 And bosom light  
 I cheerfully did row,  
 And, to compleat this princely life,  
 Sure never man had friend and wife  
 Like my Poll and my partner Joe.  
 I roll'd in joys like these awhile  
 Folks far and near carefs'd me,  
 Till, woe is me,  
 So lubberly  
 The press-gang came and press'd me :  
 How could I these pleasures leave ?  
 How with my wherry part ?  
 I never so took on to grieve,  
 It wrung my very heart.  
 But when on board  
 They gave the word,

To



To foreign parts to go,  
 I ru'd the moment I was born,  
 That ever I should thus be torn  
 From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully  
 While on the billows rolling,  
 And, night or day  
 Could find my way  
 Blindfold to the main-top bowling :  
 Thus all the dangers of the main,  
 Quickfands and gales of wind,  
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again  
 The joys I left behind :  
 In climes afar,  
 The hottest war,  
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,  
 In hopes these perils to relate,  
 As by my side attentive fate,  
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his majesty  
 To give peace to the nation,  
 And honest hearts,  
 From foreign parts,  
 Come home for consolation :  
 Like lightning---for I felt new life,  
 Now safe from all alarms---  
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife  
 Lock'd in each others arms !  
 Yet fancy not,  
 I bore my lot

Tame

Tame like a lubber :---No ;  
 For seeing I was finely trick'd,  
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd  
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

---

## CCLXXVII.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

I AM a jolly Fisherman,  
 I catch what I can get,  
 Still going on my betters' plan,  
 All's fish that comes to net ;  
 Fish, just like men, I've often caught,  
 Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfish,  
 And many a time to market brought  
 A dev'lish sort of odd fish.  
 Thus all are fishermen through life,  
 With wary pains and labour,  
 This baits with gold, and that a wife,  
 And all to catch his neighbour ;  
 Then praise the jolly fisherman,  
 Who takes what he can get,  
 Still going on his betters' plan,  
 All's fish that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,  
 Extends his greedy jaw,  
 For all the world, as you and I,  
 Have seen your man of law :

He

He who to laziness devotes

His time is sure a numb fish,  
And members who give silent votes

May fairly be call'd dumb fish :  
False friends to eels we may compare,  
The roach resembles true ones ;  
Like gold-fish we find old friends rare,  
Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praise, &c.

Like fish then mortals are a trade,  
And trapp'd, and sold, and bought ;

The old wife and the tender maid  
Are both with tickling caught ;

Indeed the fair are caught 'tis said, ]

If you but throw the line in,  
With maggots, flies, or something red,  
Or any thing that's shining :

With small fish you must lie in wait

For those of high condition,

But 'tis alone a golden bait

Can catch a learn'd physician.

Then praise the jolly fisherman,

Who takes what he can get,

Still going on his betters' plan,

All's fish that comes to net.

## CCLXXVIII.

*Written by W. SHENSTONE, Esq.*

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream,

Adown the smiling valley ;

Wou'd art attempt, or fancy dream,

To regulate its winding way ?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair

In loose dishevell'd ringlet's flow ;

Not all thy art, nor all thy care,

Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,

With native plants enamel o'er ;

Say, can the painter's utmost skill

Instruct one flow'r to please us more.

As vain it were with artful dye,

To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose,

And oh ! may Laura, 'ere she try,

With fresh vermilion paint the rose !

Hark, how the Woodlark's tuneful throat

Can ev'ry studied grace excel ;

Let art constrain the rambling note ;

And will she, Laura, please so well ?

Oh ! ever keep thy native ease,

By no pedantic rules confin'd !

For Laura's voice is form'd to please,

So Laura's words be not unkind.

## CCLXXIX.



CCLXXIX.

WHY, Celia, shou'd you so much strive,  
Your kindling passion to conceal?  
Your lips, 'tis true, denial give,  
Yet all your actions love reveal.  
In vain you strive, in vain, alas!  
The charming passion to disguise;  
It glows, it blushes on your face,  
And sparkles in your swimming eyes.  
Your eyes, those emblems of the heart,  
Still contradict whate'er you say,  
And tho' your lips deny the smart,  
Your eyes are more believ'd than they.

---

CCLXXX.

*Written by* DAVID GARRICK, *Esq.*

YET awhile sweet sleep deceive me,  
Fold me in thy downy arms;  
Let not care awake to grieve me,  
Lull me with thy potent charms.  
I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,  
Quitting your's, the parent's nest;  
Find each bird a bird of prey,  
Sorrow knows not where to rest.

CCLXXXI.

## CCLXXXI.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**H**ERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew,  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For death has broach'd him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft,  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare,  
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair :  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
 Ah many's the time and oft !  
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When he who all commands  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;  
 For, though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

CCLXXXII.

*Written by* DR. GOLDSMITH.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,  
Still importunate and vain;  
To former joys recurring ever,  
And turning all the past to pain.  
Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,  
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!  
And he who wants each other's blessing,  
In thee must ever find a foe.

---

CCLXXXIII.

*Written by* PETER PINDAR, *E/q.*

DOOM'D by fortune's fickle star,  
Dear Maid! I seek the dangerous wave;  
Condemn'd from thee to wander far,  
To love, and Delia's charms, a slave.  
Yet, ere thy balmy lips I leave,  
And quit that bosom's snowy white,  
Oh! nymph, my tears, my sighs receive,  
And grant me thine, my last delight.  
On each bright tear shall fancy dwell,  
And mem'ry each soft sigh restore;  
Thus doating on the sweet farwel,  
Like misers on their golden store.

CCLXXXIV.

## CCLXXXIV.

*Written by* PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*

FROM her, alas! whose smile was love,  
 I wander to some lonely cell;  
 My sighs too weak the maid to move,  
 I bid the flatt'rer, Hope, farewell.

Be all her little arts forgot,  
 That fill'd my bosom with alarms,  
 Ah! let her crime----a little spot----  
 Be lost amidst a blaze of charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs,  
 At ev'ry step, for Cynthia mourn:  
 My anxious heart within me dies,  
 And, sinking whispers, "O return."

Deluded heart, thy folly know,  
 Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame;  
 By absence thou shalt lose thy woe,  
 And only flutter at her name.

## CCLXXXV.

*Written by* DAVID GARRICK, *Esq.*

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,  
 Where rival flow'rs in union meet;  
 As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,  
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.



A bee within a damask rose,  
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip,  
 But lesſer ſweets the thief foregoes,  
 And faſtens on Louiſa's lip.

There taſting all the ſweets of ſpring,  
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,  
 Th' ungrateful ſpoiler left the ſting,  
 And with the honey fled away.

Then to th' affrighted fair I flew,  
 And, haſting to relieve the ſmart;  
 I kiſs'd the gentle maid, and drew  
 The ſubtle poiſon to my heart.

---

CCLXXXVI.

*Written by* PETER PINDAR, *Eſq.*

THOU told'ſt me, dear perfidious maid,  
 That Spring ſhould loſe her varied bloom;  
 That Cynthia's ſilv'ry beam ſhou'd fade,  
 And Sol no more the world illume,  
 When thou, the pride of ev'ry grove,  
 Shouldſt ceaſe to bleſs me with thy love.

Spring boaſts her bloom, and Cynthia's rays  
 Still chaſe the ſolemn ſhades of night;  
 Whiſt ſol, with undiminifh'd blaze,  
 Pours on the globe his golden light:  
 And yet, my trembling lips declare,  
 That thou art falſe as thou art fair.

But

But some will say, "ah! silly swain!  
 "How dares thy love to her aspire;  
 "For whom a thousand sigh in vain,  
 "And kindle with a hopeless fire?"  
 I own the folly; but what breast  
 Swells not with wishes to be blest?

## CCLXXXVII.

*Written by Dr. SMOLLETT.*

**T**HY fatal shafts unerring move,  
 I bow before thine altar, love;  
 I feel the soft resistless flame  
 Glide swift thro' all my vital flame.

For, while I gaze, my bosom glows,  
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;  
 Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,  
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My flatt'ring tongue attempts in vain,  
 In soothing numbers to complain;  
 My tongue some secret magic tries,  
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
 And ever drop the silent tear;  
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
 Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

## CCLXXXVIII.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**R**ESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,  
 Reflected on the glit'ring lee,  
 The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,  
 And scarce a ripple shook the sea,  
 When thus, for sailors, nature's care,  
 What education has denied,  
 Are of strong sense, a bounteous share,  
 By observation well supplied.  
 While thus in bold and honest guise,  
 For wisdom mov'd his tongue,  
 Drawing from wisdom comfort's drop,  
 In truth and fair reflection wise,  
 Right cheerfully sung  
 Little Ben that kept his watch in the main top.  
 Why should the hardy tar complain?  
 'Tis certain true he weathers more  
 From dangers on the roaring main  
 Than lazy lubbers do ashore.  
 Ne'er let the noble mind despair,  
 Though roaring seas run mountains high,  
 All things are built with equal care,  
 First rate or wherry, man or fly :  
 If there's a power that never errs,  
 And certainly 'tis so,  
 For honest hearts what comforts drop,  
 As well as kings and emperors,  
 Why not take in tow  
 Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top ?  
 What

What though to distant climes I roam,  
 Far from my darling Nancy's charms,  
 The sweeter is my welcome home,  
 To blissful moorings in her arms.  
 Perhaps she on that sober moon  
 A lover's observation takes,  
 And longs that little Ben may soon  
 Relieve that heart which sorely aches.  
 Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,  
 That guards all things below,  
 For honest hearts what comforts drop,  
 As well as kings and emperors,  
 Will surely take in tow  
 Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.

---

### CCLXXXIX.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

'T WAS Saturday night, the twinkling stars  
 Shone on the rippling sea,  
 No duty call'd the jovial tars,  
 The helm was lash'd a-lee ;  
 The ample can adorn'd the board,  
 Prepar'd to see it out,  
 Each gave the lass that he ador'd,  
 And push'd the grog about.  
  
 Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,  
 A frigate neat and trim,  
 All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast :  
 I'd venture life and limb,

Sail



Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,  
 With dauntless heart and stout,  
 So tight a vessel to command,  
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,  
 Sailing in comely state,  
 Top gan'tsals set, she is so tall,  
 She looks like a first rate:  
 Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,  
 A voyage for life throughout,  
 No better birth I'd wish to know,  
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,  
 Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,  
 What joy so fine a ship to man?  
 She is my heart's delight!  
 So well she bears the storms of life,  
 I'd sail the world throughout,  
 Brave every toil for such a wife,  
 Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,  
 Each his best manner tried;  
 Till, summon'd by the empty can,  
 They to their hammocks hied:  
 Yet still did they their vigils keep,  
 Though the huge can was out,  
 For, in soft visions, gentle sleep  
 Still push'd the grog about.

CCXC.

*Written by Dr. GOLDSMITH.*

THE wretch condemned with life to part,  
Still, still on Hope relies,  
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart  
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,  
Adorns and cheers the way;  
And still, as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter ray.

---

CCXCI.

*Written by Lord LANSDOWN.*

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,  
When I approach'd the perjur'd maid;  
What is it awes my tim'rous heart?  
Why is my tongue afraid?

With the least glance a little kind,  
Such wond'rous pow'r have Mira's charms,  
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,  
And all my rage difarms.

Forgetful of her broken vow,,  
When gazing on that form divine.  
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,  
Nor dares her slave repine.

CCXCII.

## CCXCII.

*Written by* PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*

SAY, lonely maid, with down-cast eye,  
 O Delia, say, with cheek so pale,  
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,  
 That tells the world a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chase,  
 Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe;  
 Thy sighs, a storm, that wrecks thy peace,  
 Which souls like thine should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,  
 With virtue tir'd, thy beauteous life;  
 And leave those thrones of love and truth,  
 That lip and bosom of delight,

Perhaps, to nymphs of other shades,  
 He feigns the soft, impassioned tear;  
 With songs their easy faith invades,  
 That, treach'rous, won thy witless ear.

Let not those maids thy envy move,  
 For whom his heart may seem to pine;  
 That heart can ne'er be blest with love,  
 Whose guilt cou'd force a pang from thine.

## CCXCHH.

*Written by Mr. DIBDIN.*

I'M jolly Dick the lamplighter,  
 They says the sun's my dad,  
 And truly I believe it, fir,  
 For I'm a pretty lad.

Father and I the world delight,  
 And make it look so gay,  
 The difference is I lights by night,  
 And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I  
 For knowing life and fun,  
 For I queer tricks and fancies spy  
 Folks never shew the sun :  
 Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,  
 I've heard your wife ones say,  
 And so d'ye mind I sees at night  
 Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,  
 As quite a usefess task,  
 And many a face, and many a heart  
 Will then pull off the mask :  
 Each formal prude and holy wight  
 Will throw disguise away,  
 And sin it openly all night,  
 Who fainted it all day.

His



His darling hoard the miser views,  
 Misses from friends decamp,  
 And many a statesman mischief brews  
 To his country o'er his lamp :  
 So father and I, d'ye take me right,  
 Are just on the same lay,  
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,  
 And he false saints by day.

---

## CCXCIV.

**T**ENDER hearts to ev'ry passion  
 Still their freedom would betray:  
 But how calm is inclination,  
 When our reason bears the sway !  
 Swains themselves, while they pursue us,  
 Often teach us to deny ;  
 While we fly they fondly woo us,  
 If we grow too fond they fly.

---

## CCXCV.

**T**HE moon was fair, the sky serene,  
 The face of nature smil'd,  
 Soft dews impearl'd the tufted plain,  
 And daisy-painted wild ;

The

The hills were gilded by the sun,  
 Sweet breath'd the vernal air;  
 Her early hymn the lark begun  
 To sooth the shepherd's care.

When Mira fair and Colin gay,  
 Both fam'd for faithful love,  
 Delighted with the rising day,  
 Together fought the grove:  
 And near a smooth translucent stream,  
 That silent stole along,  
 Thus Colin to his matchless dame  
 Address'd the tender song.

Hark! Mira, how from yonder tree  
 The feather'd warblers sing,  
 They tune their artless notes for thee,  
 For thee more sweet than spring:  
 How choice a fragrance thro' the air  
 Those spring-born blossoms shed!  
 How seem that violet proud to rear  
 Its purple tinctur'd head!

Ah! Mira, had the tuneful race  
 Thy heart-bewitching tongue,  
 Who would not fondly haunt the place  
 Enamour'd while they sung?  
 Ye flow'rs, on Mira's bosom prest,  
 Ne'er held ye place so fair,  
 Tho' oft ye breathe on Venus' breast,  
 And scent the Graces' hair.

Shall I to gems compare thine eyes,  
 Thy skin to virgin snows,  
 Thy balmy breath, to gales that rise  
 From ev'ry new-blown rose?  
 Ah, nymph! so far thy charms out-shine  
 The fairest forms we see,  
 We only guess at things divine,  
 By what appears in thee.  
 'Twas thus enamour'd Colin sung  
 His love-excited lays;  
 The grove with tender echo's rung,  
 Refounding Mira's praise;  
 And thus cries love, who sported near,  
 And wav'd his silken wings,  
 What wonder, since the nymph's so fair,  
 So fond the shepherd sings?

---

 CCXCVI.

*Tune---How imperfect is expression.*

**WHILST** the tedious hours beguiling,  
 I with rapture fondly toy;  
 Love in every feature smiling,  
 Glows with unexhausted joy.  
 Broken sighs and looks discover,  
 What the bosom wou'd explain;  
 Nature thus relieves the lover,  
 And assuages every pain.

Soft content and love united,  
 Wake each feeling into bliss;  
 Thus employ'd, and thus delighted,  
 Heaven expanding in each kiss :  
 What are, say, the boasted treasures,  
 Pomp or pride of erring man ;  
 Rich in nature's choicest pleasures,  
 To enjoy is all our plan.

---

 CCXCVII.

*Tune---With tuneful pipe and merry glee.*

AS yet a virgin in my teens,  
 I listen to each youth;  
 And heard them in sequester'd scenes,  
 Declare their love and truth :  
 I smil'd alike at every tale,  
 As then, do I protest,  
 I thought none ever could prevail ;  
 That love was all a jest.

Free as the birds who gaily sing,  
 I pass'd each coming day;  
 Like them, was ever on the wing,  
 And careless tun'd my lay :  
 Alas! too soon I find 'tis plain,  
 I feel it in my breast;  
 Defying Cupid is in vain,  
 That love is not a jest.



Young Colin, with a charming air,  
 For tenderness and wit,  
 Has won my heart I do declare,  
 The pointed shaft has hit :  
 If he should ask, I'll give my hand,  
 I will, I do protest ;  
 Each rapture then will round expand,  
 For love is not a jest,

---

 CCXCVIII.

TIME, thou softner of each grief,  
 Aid me with thy friendly balm ;  
 To my sorrows bring relief  
 And my heart-felt anguish calm.  
 Tho' the swelling surge oft rages,  
 And deforms the wat'ry plain ;  
 Time, at length, its force asswages,  
 And the waves grow smooth again.

---

 CCXCIX.

*Written by Mr. HURLSTONE.*

*Tune---Kate of Aberdeen.*

NOW all the groves in verdure gay,  
 Are deck'd to hail the spring ;  
 My fleecy care securely play,  
 The birds melodious sing ;

Ye blooming nymphs: and jocund swains,  
 Assemble round this tree,  
 And join with me in rustic strains,  
 To praise my Lafs of Dee !

The myrtle green, and mossy rose,  
 I'll cull with nicest care,  
 And form, of ev'ry sweet that blows,  
 A chaplet for her hair ;  
 For oh ! there's not on all our lawn  
 A nymph that's form'd for me :  
 But her, in whom all beauties dawn  
 My dearest Lafs of Dee !

When wanton zephyrs sport around,  
 We stray beside the stream,  
 And listen to the bubbling sound,  
 Or talk, and love's our theme.  
 But if the breeze withdraw it's aid,  
 And Sol too scorching be,  
 I leave the bank and seek the shade,  
 With my dear Lafs of Dee !

There well content, I tune my reed,  
 My happiness so near ;  
 Before my grot the lambkins feed,  
 The firstlings of the year.  
 Then take ye rich, your idol wealth,  
 Let pride its wishes see ;  
 Grant me but these paternal fields,  
 And my dear Lafs of Dee !

## CCC.

*Written by Lady CRAVEN.**Tune.---La Lumiere.*

WHEN first you took me on your knee,  
 And told the wonders of the sea,  
 How waves on waves for ever roll,  
 And tofs the ship from pole to pole ;  
 How winds from every corner blow,  
 Now rise her high, now sink her low ;  
 My heart kept beating at the tale,  
 And with my sighs I swell'd your sail.

But when with all a sailor's pride,  
 You spoke of fleets drawn side by side ;  
 Of French and English ten to one,  
 Deck threat'ning deck, gun fired at gun !  
 My heart admir'd the gallant strife,  
 But throbb'd and trembled for your life ;  
 And 'midst the fancied cannon's roar,  
 I wish'd Tom Splice'em safe on shore !

## CCCL.

'TIS wine makes us love, and love makes us  
 drink,  
 And each does the other improve ;  
 All mortals must know, who feel or can think,  
 No pleasure's like drinking and love :

Then

Then join 'em, my boys, and make the blessing  
divine,

For men must be Gods, when they've women  
and wine,

Then bring us of both, and double each joy,

I hate to be languid and cold ;

I'll think myself Jove, while these I enjoy,

Nor own myself mortal till old.

CHO. Then join 'em, &c.

When old I am grown, and toying is past,

In wine I must place all my joy ;

And tho' I'm unfit for love to the last,

Yet still I can drink till I die.

CHO. Then join 'em, &c.

---

CCCII.

TO thee, O gentle sleep, alone

Is owing all our peace ;

By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,

By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,

Some tyrant has possess'd ;

By thee obtaining a divorce,

In her own choice is blest.

Oh ! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,

The sadly weeping fair

Conjures thee not to lose in day

The object of her care.



To grasp whose pleasing form she fought,  
 That motion chas'd her sleep ;  
 Thus by ourselves are oftneft wrought  
 The griefs for which we weep.

---

 CCCIII.

*Sung by Mr. EDWIN at the Anacreontic Society.*

**J**UNO's a vixen, always scolding !  
 Jove acts the part of Jerry Sneak,  
 Bully Mars cannot embolden.  
 Sniv'ling Jove to look or speak,  
 Tho' his nods made Cœlus quiver,  
 When she comes, all goes to wreck ;  
 At her presence he will shiver,  
 More so when he hears her clack.  
 Clack, click, clack ; ticky, ticky, tack ;  
 Oh !—he cannot stand her clack.  
 All the qualities adorn her,  
 That complete the scolding shrew ;  
 Gods fly to ev'ry hole and corner,  
 Whenever she appears in view !  
 Johnson is to her a fool, fir,  
 None of his shrill notes she lack,  
 Tho' a female, she will rule, fir,  
 With her daddles and her clack.  
 Clack, click, clack, &c.

Jove;

Jove, one day the Gods had met, fir,  
 Each was in a merry mood,  
 Round the table joyous sat, fir,  
 Momus by them laughing stood:  
 But, alas! they look like asses,  
 When, with noisy thump and smack,  
 Juno enter'd, broke the glasses,  
 And began her usual clack!  
 Clack, click, clack, &c.

Oh for shame! good madam Juno,  
 Momus cries,----all this I bar----  
 Saucy ruffian! I'll let you know,  
 What it is with me to spar.  
 'Pollo strove, in vain to please her,  
 Quick she gave him such a smack,  
 That no God there durst to seize her,  
 For her daddles and her clack!  
 Clack, click, clack, &c.

Jove cries, peace----you saucy vixen!  
 An't I master of the sky?  
 Me you must not play your tricks on----  
 Ay, says Juno, that we'll try;  
 Come, pray troop, good master Jerry,  
 Or I'll wherk your brawny back!  
 I shall teach you to be merry,  
 If you dare resent my clack!  
 Clack, click, clack, &c.

## CCCIV.

*Written by T. B. Esq.**Tune-----The Brown Jug.*

MY true hearty fellows who smoke with such glee,  
 To beg your attention for once I'll make free ;  
 And sing of our pipes while thus merry and snug,  
 We lighten our care as we lighten our jug.  
 This jug which from Toby its origin boasts,  
 Old Toby, whose mem'ry enlivens our toasts.

Toby's fame, like his size, spread so great by his ale,  
 That for Agnes, no room could be found in the tale ;  
 Honest Agnes, the social support of his life,  
 Both for quaffing and size, was well pair'd as his wife  
 Therefore singing her praise, we with joy will regale,  
 Whilst our pipes and our jug give a zest to our ale.

The Potter who shrewdly found Toby's remains,  
 Thought to visit again there might answer his pains ;  
 Where in brief he found Agnes, whose death as her life  
 Made her qualified duly to lie as his wife :  
 Her fair fame all the village incessantly quote,  
 Whose vicar the following epitaph wrote :

" Agnes Philpot, the wife of old Toby renown'd,  
 " Who liv'd whilst on earth, now lies dead in this  
 " ground ;

" Old Care of her grieving for Toby---to bilk,  
 " She softened her sorrow with brandy and milk ;  
 " Swoln quite filky she thriv'd, her skin gave a crack,  
 " When Death peeping in, laid her here on her back."

At these lines our shrewd potter a happy thought started  
 That Toby and Agnes shou'd never be parted,  
 So he took of her clay, which was—white as her milk,  
 And tempered with brandy, till softer than silk;  
 And forming these pipes, he advis'd, sly and snug,  
 That we kiss'd her fair clay, and shake hands  
 with his jug.

---

 CCCV.

Tune-----*Duncan Gray.*

**J**OHNNY trip'd up the stairs at night,  
 Heigho! to Betty got.

John tript up the stairs at night,  
 Silly without candle light:

Cries Bet, "Who's there?"

"'Tis I, my dear,

"Johnny with his shoulder knot."

What did foolish Betty do?

Heigho! she knew not what,

What did foolish Betty do?

Lift up the latch---and in he flew,

When he kiss'd,

Could she resist

Johnny with his shoulder knot?

Madam Maudlin soon found out,

Heigho! poor Betty's lot,

Madam Maudlin soon found out,

"What's this (says she) you've been about?"

Betty cries,

And wipes her eyes,

"The deuce is in his shoulder knot."

## CCCVI.



## CCCVI.

*Written by the Rev. H. B. DUDLEY.*

THE Rose had been wash'd----lately wash'd in  
a show'r,

That Mary to Anna convey'd;  
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,  
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all  
wet,

And it seemed, to a fanciful view,  
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was

For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd;  
And shaking it rudely---too rudely, alas!  
I snapp'd it!--it fell to the ground!

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part,

"Some act by the delicate mind;

"Regardless of wringing and breaking the  
"heart,

"Already to sorrow resigned!

"This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,

"Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile:

"And the tear that is wip'd with a little  
"address,

"May be follow'd perhaps with a smile."

## CCCVII.

## CCCVII.

Tune---*To Anacreon in Heaven, &c.*

WHEN Bibo went down to the regions below,  
Where Lethe and Styx round eternity flow,  
He awoke, and he bellow'd and wou'd be row'd back,  
For his soul it was thirsty, and wanted some sack.  
"You're drunk, Charon cried, you was drunk  
when you died,

So you felt not the pain that to death is allied."

"Take me back, roar'd out Bibo, I mind not the pain,  
For if I was drunk, let me die once again."

"Forget, replied Charon, those regions of strife,  
Drink of Lethe divine! 'tis the fountain of life,  
Where the soul is new born, and all past is a dream,  
And the gods themselves sip of the care-drowning  
stream."

"Let the gods," he cried, still drink water, that will,  
The maxim of mortals I'll always fulfil;  
Prate, prate not to me of your Lethe divine,  
Our Lethe on earth was a bumper of wine."

At length grim old Cerb'rus began a loud roar,  
And the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore;  
When Bibo arose and he stagger'd to land,  
But he jostl'd the ghosts as they stood on the strand.  
Cried Charon, "I tell you 'tis in vain to rebel,  
For you're banish'd from earth, and you now are  
in hell."

"'Tis a truth, replied Bibo, I know by this sign,  
'Twas a hell upon earth to be wanting of wine."

## CCCVIII.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclin'd;  
Wide o'er the foaming billows  
She cast a wishful look;  
Her head was crown'd with willows,  
That trembled o'er the brook.  
Twelve months are gone and over,  
And nine long tedious days;  
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
Why didst thou trust the seas?  
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,  
And let my lover rest:  
Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
To that within my breast?  
The merchant robb'd of treasure,  
Views tempests in despair,  
But what's the loss of treasure,  
To losing of my dear!  
Shou'd you some coast be laid on,  
Where gold and di'monds grow,  
You'd find a richer maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

How

How can they say that nature  
 Hath nothing made in vain?  
 Why then beneath the water  
 Do hideous rocks remain?  
 No eyes those rocks discover,  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,  
 Repaid each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear,  
 When o'er the wide waves stooping,  
 His floating corps she spy'd;  
 Then, like a lily drooping,  
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

---

 CCCIX.

"T WAS at the silent midnight hour,  
 When all were fast asleep:  
 In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,  
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
 Clad in a wint'ry cloud;  
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
 That held her sable shroud.



So shall the fairest face appear,  
 When youth and years are flown:  
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
 When death has 'rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,  
 That sips the silver dew;  
 The Rose was budded in her cheek,  
 Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
 Consum'd her early prime:  
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek:  
 She dy'd before her time.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true-love calls,  
 Come from her midnight grave:  
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
 Thy lov'd refus'd to save.

'This is the dumb and dreary hour,  
 When injur'd ghosts complain;  
 Now yawning graves give up their dead,  
 To haunt the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
 Thy pledge, and broken oath;  
 And give me back my maiden vow,  
 And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,  
 And not that promise keep?  
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,  
 And yet that face forsake?  
 How could you win my virgin heart,  
 Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lips were sweet,  
 And made the scarlet pale?  
 And why did I, young witlefs maid,  
 Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,  
 Those lips no longer red:  
 Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
 And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sifter is,  
 The winding-sheet I wear;  
 And cold and dreary lasts our nights,  
 'Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!  
 A long and last adieu;  
 Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
 That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd,  
 And rais'd her glitt'ring head:  
 Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,  
 And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,  
 Where Marg'ret's body lay;  
 And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,  
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore;  
 Then laid his cheek to the cold grave,  
 And word spake never more.

---

## CCCX.

Tune, *The Vicar of Bray.*

**W**HEN James, assuming right from God;  
 Enslav'd this free-born nation,  
 His Scepter was an iron rod,  
 His reign, a visitation;  
 High churchmen cry'd, obey, obey,  
 Let none resist a crown'd head;  
 He who gainsays what tyrants say,  
 Is a rebellious round-head.

Then let us sing, whilst echoes ring,  
 The glorious Revolution;  
 Your voices raise, to William's praise,  
 Who sav'd our constitution.

The bible was no longer read,  
 But tales of finners faint'd---  
 The gods ador'd, were gods of bread,  
 And sign posts carv'd and painted;  
 Now priests and monks, with cowls and copes,  
 Arriv'd here without number,  
 With racks and daggers, blest by Popes,  
 And loads of holy lumber.

Then let us sing, &c.

By

By cruel popish politics,  
 Were Protestants affrighted,  
 When to convert poor heretics,  
 New Smithfield fires were lighted;  
 But hope soon sprung out of despair,  
 So Providence commanded;  
 Our fears were all dispers'd in air  
 When god-like William landed.  
 Then let us sing, &c.

Our Church and State shook off the yoke,  
 And lawless power was banish'd;  
 The snares of priestcraft too were broke,  
 And superstition vanish'd;  
 The tyrant with his black-guard fled,  
 By flight his guilt confessing,  
 To beg of France his daily bread,  
 Of Rome a worthless blessing.  
 Then let us sing, &c.

From all who dare to tyrannize,  
 May heaven still defend us;  
 And should another James arise,  
 Another William send us;  
 May kings, like George, for ever reign,  
 With highest worth distinguish'd;  
 But Stuarts, who our annals stain,  
 May they be quite extinguish'd.  
 Then let us sing, while echoes ring,  
 The glorious Revolution;  
 Your voices raise, to William's praise,  
 Who sav'd our constitution.



## CCCXI.

AT the sign of the Horfe, old Spintext of courfe,  
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,  
 O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,  
 Was plac'd the canonical sot:  
 The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,  
 With reverence due and submission,  
 First stroak'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his  
     hat,  
 And bowing preferred his petition.

I'm come, fir, says he, to beg, look d'ye see,  
 Of your reverend worship and glory,  
 To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may  
     be,

And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.  
 The body we'll bury, but where's the hurry?  
 Why, Lord, fir, the corpse it does stay.  
 You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,  
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, crying, fir, a small child,  
 Cannot longer delay your intentions,  
 And I swear by St. Paul, a child that is small,  
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye  
     hear,

For I hate to be call'd from my liquor,  
 Come Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,  
 Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then

Then Moses he spoke, 'tis past twelve o'clock,  
 Besides there's a terrible shower,  
 Why Moses you elf, since the clock has struck  
 twelve,

I'm sure it can never strike more ;  
 Besides, my dear friend, to this lesson attend,  
 Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,  
 That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger 'tis  
 plain,  
 Tho' perhaps you and I may catch cold.

Then Moses went on, fir, the clock has struck  
 one,

Pray, master, look up at the hand,  
 Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press  
 A man for to go that can't stand.  
 At length hat and cloak Old Orthodox took,  
 But first cram'd his jaws with a quid,  
 Each tipt off his gill, for fear they should chill,  
 Then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a  
 stave,

Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest,  
 So droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,  
 That the parish still talk of the jest,  
 Good people let's pray,---put the corpse t'other  
 way,

Or perchance I shall over it stumble,  
 Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,  
 A *Mortuum Caput* can't tumble.

Woman

Woman that's born of man----that's wrong, the  
leaf's torn,

O man that's born of a woman,  
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a  
flow'r,

You see, Moses, Death spareth no man.  
Here Moses do look, what a confounded book,  
Sure the letters are turned upside down,  
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil's in't,  
That this Basket should print for the crown.

Prithee Moses you read, for I can't proceed,  
And bury the corpse in my stead,  
Amen! Amen!

Why Moses you are wrong, pray hold still your  
tongue,

You've taken the tail for the head,  
O where's thy sting Death? put the corpse in the  
earth,

For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather;  
So the corpse was interr'd, without saying a word,  
And away they both stagger'd together.

---

CCCXII.

*Written by her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire,*

**BRING** me flow'rs, and bring me wine;

Boy, attend thy master's call,  
Round my brows let myrtle twine,

At my feet let roses fall,  
Breathe in softest notes the flute,

Form the song, and sound the lute;  
Let thy gentle accents flow

As the whisp'ring zephyrs blow.

Sorrow

Sorrow wou'd annoy my heart,  
 But I hate its baneful sting;  
 Joys shall chase the rapid dart,  
 For I will laugh, and I will sing,  
 What avails the down-cast eye?  
 What avails the tear, the sigh?  
 Why should grief obstruct our way,  
 When we live but for a day.

---

## CCCXIII.

Tune-----*Believe my sighs, my tears, &c.*

IN vain I seek the lonely grove,  
 Or melancholy shade,  
 Oppress'd, alas! with hopeless love  
 For one deluding maid:  
 She heard my vows, I thought her kind,  
 So sweet she on me smil'd;  
 But she deceived my artless mind,  
 And all my hopes beguil'd.

With Colin now she trips the plain,  
 Nor heeds my tender sighs!  
 Laughs at my love, my fears, and pain,  
 And from my presence flies.  
 Fair queen of love! relieve my smart,  
 And make the maid relent,  
 Or strike with death my aching heart,  
 And I shall be content.

## CCCXIV.



## CCCXIV.

**J**UST at the close of Summer's day,  
 How sweet the blooming blossoms beam?  
 So sweet the time I pass away,  
 Wi' bonny Bet of Aberdeen.

**CHO.** Whene'er I set beneath the shade,  
 Or wander o'er the lee,  
 To meet the charming village maid,  
 That kindly smiles on me.

She's fresh and fair as the violet rose,  
 The blithest lass that sports the green;  
 I'll follow her where'er she goes,  
 O bonny Bet of Aberdeen.

Whene'er I set beneath, &c.

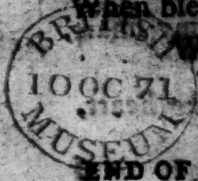
She vows she loves but me alone,  
 And I believe her sparkli'g e'en,  
 F'long for to unite in one,  
 Wi' bonny Bet of Aberdeen.

Whene'er I set beneath, &c.

Our wedding day we'll crown wi' joy,  
 While the nymphs and swains dance on the  
 green,  
 And I shall be a happy boy,

When blest wi' Bet of Aberdeen.

Whene'er I set beneath, &c.



END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

